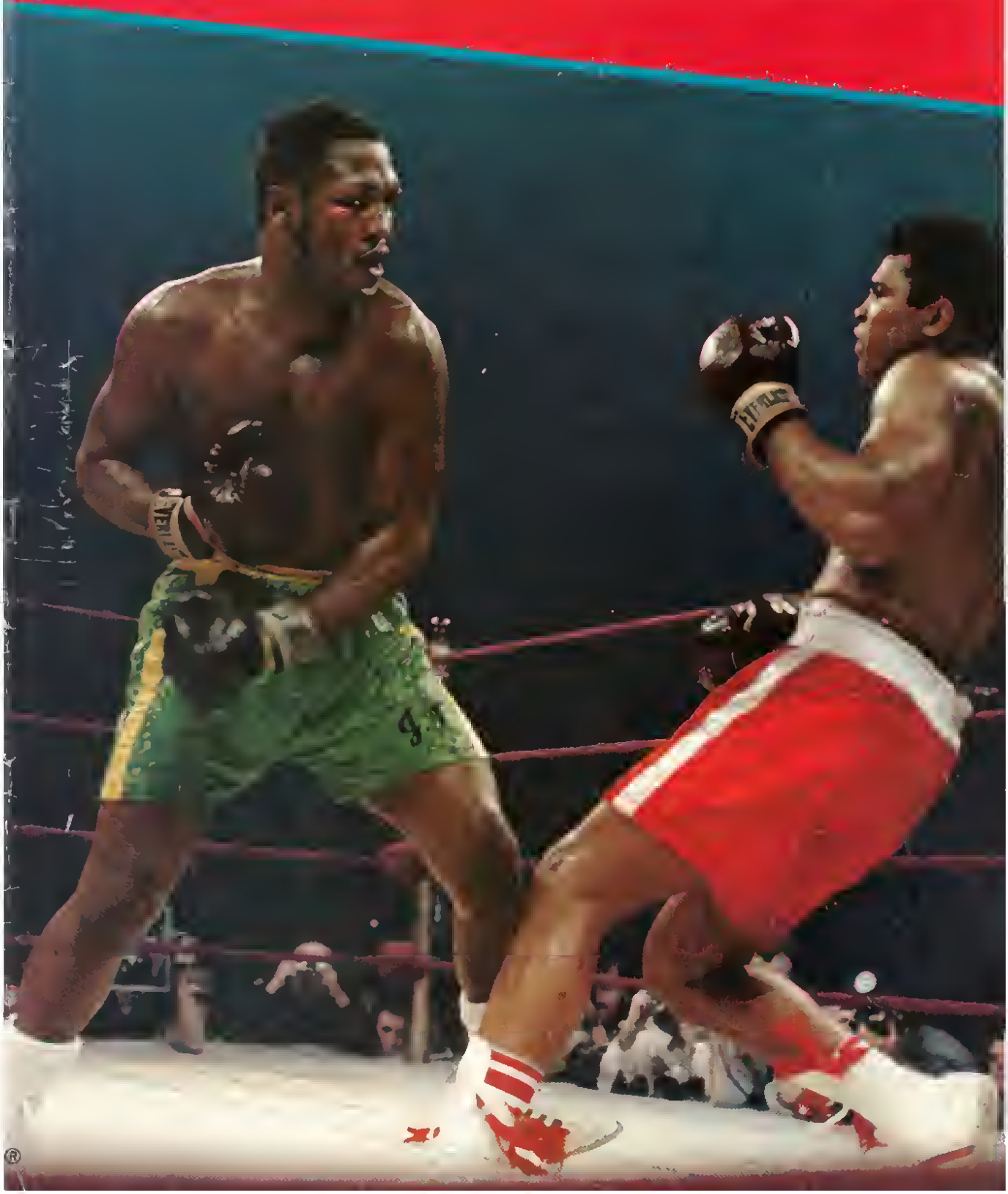
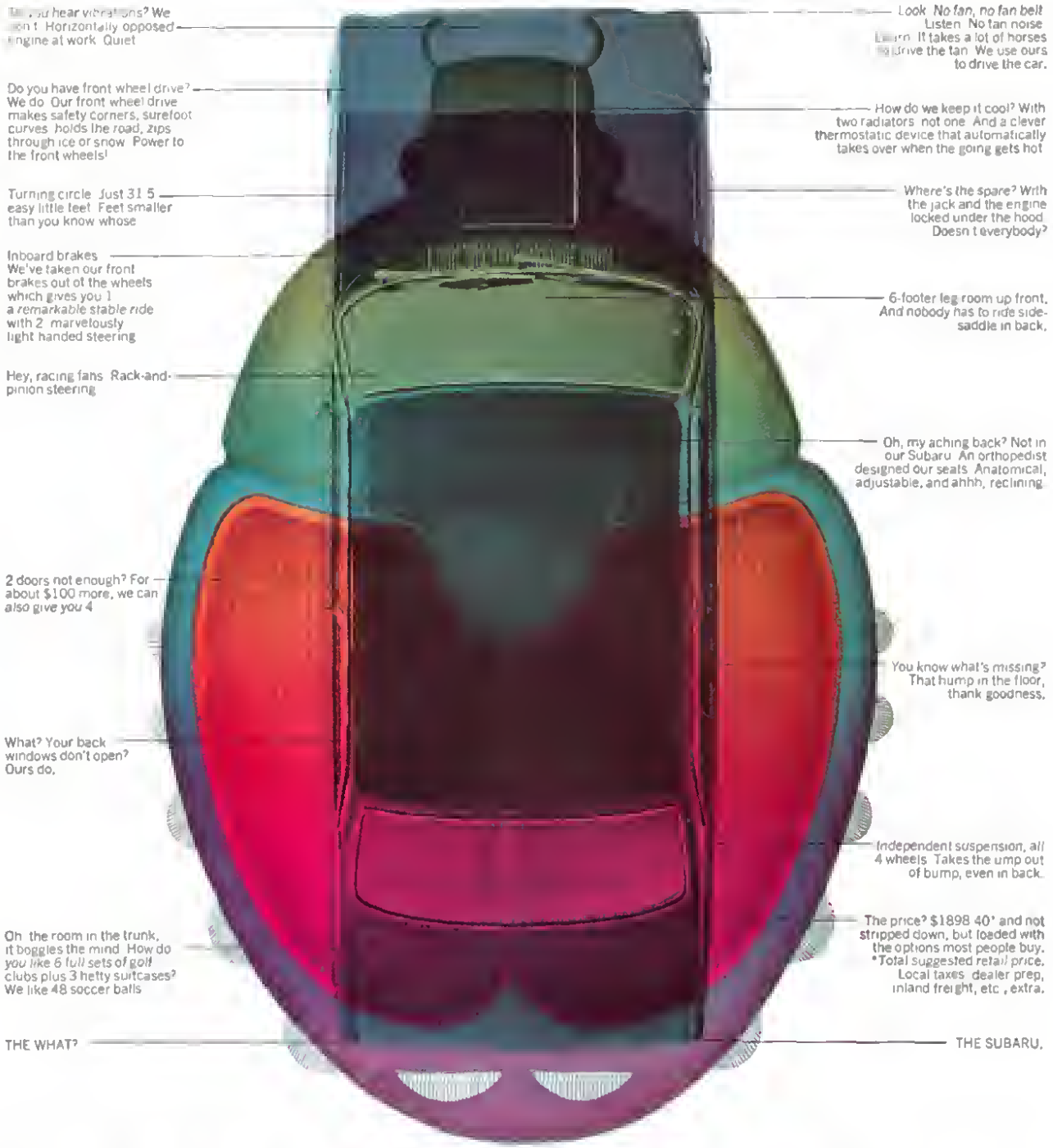
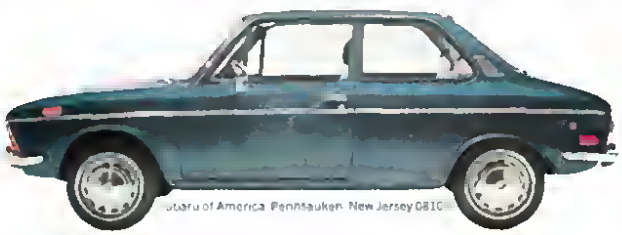
Sports Illustrated

END OF THE ALI LEGEND





The Subaru is not a Japanese Beetle.



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It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

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Most companies use pros to endorse clubs. We use ours to improve them.

When a pro puts his signature on a club, all it usually improves is how well the club sells.

When 43 pros put their ideas into a club, it always improves how well the club plays.

That's the way we do it, with the Wilson Golf Advisory Staff. It's the biggest advisory staff in golf. And every one of the 43 members has signed on knowing that if he wanted a paycheck every month, he'd have to do more than just open the envelope.

Every Staff member reports back to us for detailed discussions on golf club design.

Every Staff member is responsible for testing every other member's design innovations.

All that might be asking a lot of any pro. But we do it. Because it's always proved worthwhile. It's always improved our clubs.

Gene Sarazen, celebrating his 50th year as a Wilson Staff member, contributed one of the first significant club design modifications. He stole it from a flight of wild ducks.

He saw that they always landed in the water the same way: toes up, heels down, with their weight down low. Rather than knifing into the surface, they "bumped" along. He duplicated this principle by welding extra metal onto the back of a favorite 9-iron. It helped the iron bump through a surface rather than digging in. It worked so well that he gave the club a new name. He called it the "sand iron."

Originally designed as the R-90, it's now the Wilson Staff Sand Iron. And it's made Wilson Staff players like Julius Boros, Billy Casper and Sam Snead the best sand trap players in golf.

Another Staff member, Skip Alexander, is known as "the detail man." Little things mean a lot to him. And one of them was the way an iron looked at address. The top edge looked too thick.

He had us thin out the top line, giving it a "surgical edge." Besides looking better, it transferred the weight down to where it belonged, behind the ball at impact. All Wilson Staff irons are now made with this same "surgical edge."

Wilson Staff pro, Sam Snead, told us he liked his Staff irons just fine. But that he liked them even better when they were "broken-in." That meant playing them enough to wear down the leading edges so they wouldn't dig into the turf.

All Wilson Staff clubs are now "broken-in" when they're made. The sharp edge is removed at the factory to save everyone a little time and a few strokes. It takes longer, but it's worth it.

Another Staff member, Willie Ogg, approached golf club construction scientifically. He shortened the hosel length, narrowed the shaft diameter and shifted weight toward the toe of the club. This put the sweet spot where it should be.

We've taken Willie Ogg's work and refined it further into what we call the Dynapower' irons. For 1971, the hosel's drilled-through even more, the shaft is slimmer, and there's more weight shifted toward the toe than probably even Willie thought possible. But he started it all.

Other Wilson Advisory Staff members have told us to make other improvements in the Wilson Staff clubs. Cary Middlecoff demanded that we step-down our shafts individually instead of in pairs. By doing this, individual shaft flex is matched to the individual clubhead weights, so that every club has the same, consistent good feel and swing. We did it. And no one else does it.

Julius Boros told us to round-off the soles on our irons. We did. They take less of a divot that way, and put a faster, more powerful clubhead into the ball.

More thinking by more of our 43 pros has resulted in a choice between either aluminum or Ultralite steel shafts in Staff clubs. And they've even thought of a few other features to be found only in another line of Wilson pro clubs, the Wilson X-31's.

But whichever turns out to be exactly right for you, you can be sure that they're the only clubs built with the experience and expertise of 43 top pros. Men who cover a wide range of sizes from short to tall, heavy to not-so-heavy—and a wide range of ages, from greats like Gene Sarazen and Cary Middlecoff to the hot young bloods like Dale Douglass and Terry Dill.

Forty-three men who make up the Wilson Golf Advisory Staff.

Forty-three men who help us design the name brand clubs that are more than just a name.

The 1971 Wilson Staffs. Available only in golf professional shops.

The Wilson Staff

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Illinois 60171

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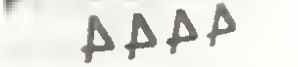

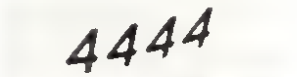

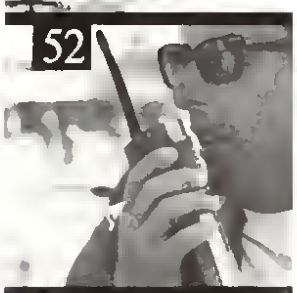

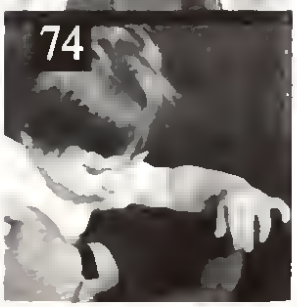

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Credits on page 93

Next week

THE CURTAIN DROPS on one season and rises on another as the NCAA basketball tournament begins. Joe Jares scouts the best of the survivors in the desperate race for the title.

WILL SUCCESS finally find Wes Parker? William Leggett reports on the leader of the L.A. Dodgers. He has Hollywood looks, a truly excellent batting record and no fame.

BEST TEAM EVER? A case can be made for Indiana's swimmers. Led by Mark Spitz, John Kinsella, Gary Hall and Mike Stamm, they seek their fourth straight NCAA title.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

BOYLE AND VITAMINIZED WHYGIN ARGUS

It has become a matter of editorial dogma around here that if there had never been a Hudson River, Bob Boyle would have had to invent one. His accounts of life and conflict along that river have been enlivening these pages for years. Even when he seems not to be writing about his favorite waterway, and he seems not to be doing so in this week's *Nobody Touches Me with Impunity*, you can usually look closely and find something. Sure enough, on page 75 there it is: a reference to the home of his central character, Robert Abady, in Stormville, N.Y. And where is Stormville? In an area known as the Hudson Highlands. Perhaps you were expecting Morris Heights?

Boyle can be excused for his provincialism in this case because his real reason for doing the story had nothing to do with the Hudson. The assignment appealed to yet another Boyle soft spot: dogs. If you can get him off the subject of rivers, Boyle is enthusiastically (but not uncharacteristically) voluble on the subject of man's best friend.

His personal taste in breeds runs more toward gundogs like his own 2-year-old Labrador retriever, Whygin Argus, than to attack dogs like the bear-like bouviers he describes in this week's article. His pride in his particular gundog was buoyed when Argus finished second in his first licensed derby.

Aside from his Labrador, Boyle has previously written about Irish wolfhounds, Albert Payson Terhune's collies, the dogs and officials of the American Kennel Club, a Westminster judge named Percy Roberts (who is also known as Mister Airedale), a dogged lady named Ann Hone Rogers and Trainer Dick Wolters, whose controversial methods Boyle has used in training Argus.

"Much as I respect my Lab," Boyle declaims loudly, "the best potential bird dog I ever owned was a cross between an Irish setter and a pointer I had when I was a kid. That dog used to *point at flies* on bananas on the stalls at Third Avenue fruit markets. Passers-by used to stop and stare, wondering why this dog was standing like a statue, holding a perfect point at a banana." Argus, fortunately, is not that addicted to fruit stands, but he does, says his master, love the sound of the .22 blanks Boyle fires in training him. "Argus may be the only living creature who would volunteer for World War III as long as it started with a bang."

Boyle thinks it's a sad comment on the human condition that dogs with as many attributes as the bouviers cannot be appreciated simply for their passive merits—that they must be bred, trained and sold as defensive weapons.

The time he spent with Abady and his bouviers had some unexpected benefits for Boyle. "I learned a lot about animal nutrition, and even gave Argus some of the vitamin supplements Abady gives his bouviers. What happened? Argus developed a remarkable fondness for my altered male cat. Side effects, said Abady."

Which anecdote, along with his bouvier account, may be the best shaggy river story Boyle's told all year.

Dick Munro

Sports Illustrated

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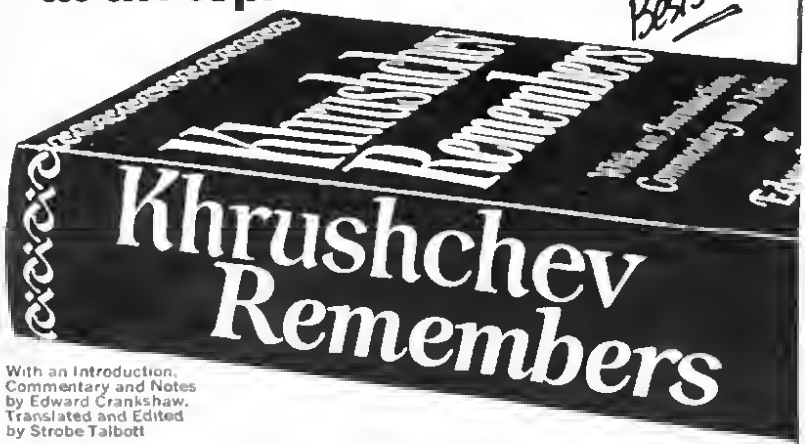

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BOOKTALK

A fine equestrienne explains when to buy—and not buy—a child her own horse

The unhorsy tend to think that there are only two basic riding styles in this country. Eastern, like you see in the park; Western, like you see on TV. Actually, Eastern riding itself is divided into two distinct categories: the hunting style used by jumpers and a nonjumping style known formally as saddle seat equitation. There is in all likelihood no greater living authority on the latter style of riding than Helen K. Crabtree, with whom I once collaborated on *The Sports Illustrated Book of Gaited Riding*. Now Helen has written her own book, *Saddle Seat Equitation* (Doubleday, $7.50), for beginners in that style. No parent new to the horse-show trail will find more solid information on how to get a youngster started along it or sounder guidance on whether she should get started at all.

"Why buy a horse?" Mrs. Crabtree asks. "There can be only one good answer to this question. We buy a horse when we need one—when the rider has mastered all that the lesson horse can do." To buy a horse for little Emily just because the Smiths bought one for their daughter is a mistake. "Do make sure," she urges all parents, "that the rider is both capable and deserving."

She also explains the financial arrangements of a purchase, enlightening the prospective check writer and helping to avoid misunderstandings between trainer and customer over these details. "Many times parents avoid discussing the actual mechanics of buying a horse," writes the author, "because they are afraid that their questions may be taken as an expression of doubt, and then there may be those who are loath to admit that they do not know everything about the horse business!"

Once the horse is selected, she warns, "You must take that long look ahead and make sure that both the horse and the rider will reach the peak of perfection together. It simply takes time, and there are no shortcuts."

Once the horse is obtained, Mrs. Crabtree goes on to describe in detail how to handle and ride it, covering everything from proper position in the saddle to correct clothing. She starts with the simplest riding information ("My grandchildren are now on page 29," she said recently, "the second lesson"), goes on to the first horse show and ends with advanced equitation riding for those with national championship ambitions and/or talents.

There is even a down-to-earth chapter in the book on how to become a teacher—though not necessarily a teacher as expert as Helen Crabtree herself. That, as Annie Oakley put it, must come naturally.

—Alice Higgins

Which of these cities has the safest air to breathe?

Boston

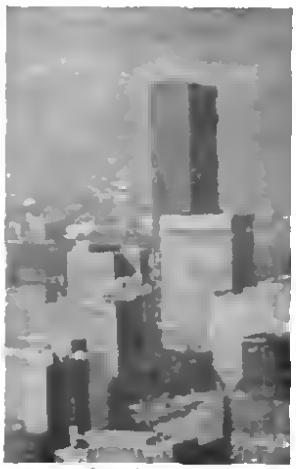
New York

Philadelphia

Chicago

St Louis

San Francisco



Los Angeles

San Francisco has the safest air out of these seven cities. But don't pack your bag. The air in San Francisco is polluted. It's just not as bad as New York, where you inhale the equivalent of a half-pack of cigarettes on an average day.* If you don't smoke.

There's a CBS owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities. And they're all doing something about air pollution. It's a big responsibility. Because our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WBBM Newsradio is the CBS station that serves the Chicago area. They ran a series entitled "Pollution in Chicago." It zeroed in on Chicago's ten major air and water polluters. Other community-spirited groups joined the outcry against the polluters. The result? Chicago's air is still dirty. But not as dirty as it was.

Whether the problem is air pollution or drugs, unemployment or crime, or simply the news of the day, the people of these seven cities can turn to a CBS owned radio station for help. In fact, we've won quite a few awards for our community service. But that doesn't mean we're going to rest on our laurels.

Because a laurel doesn't do you much good when what you really had in mind was a nice breath of fresh air.

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WEEI Newsradio 59, Boston
WCBS Newsradio 88, New York
WCAU Radio 121, Philadelphia
WBBM Newsradio 78, Chicago
KMOX Radio 1120, St. Louis
KCBS Newsradio 74, San Francisco
KNX Newsradio 1070, Los Angeles

*Based on benzpyrene content of New York City air samples as measured by the Department of Air Resources
Source of city ranking: New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac 1971, based on National Center for Air Pollution Control report

"The People Who Reach People"

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Cordon Barnes
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Charles Collingwood
Reid Collins
Walter Cronkite
Dave Dugan
Douglas Edwards
Win Elliot
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Frank Cifford
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We've made a record for advertisers. A new view of CBS Radio, the nation's leading radio network, just when you need it most.

If you don't know the real dimensions of network radio today, our "People Who Reach People" record could surprise you. We're pretty sure it will entertain you.

And it couldn't come at a better time.

As most advertisers know all too well, the state of the national economy today is still full of uncertainties.

Someone has even coined a new word for it. Stagflation.

Very likely, you're feeling pinched. By the high cost of selling on the one hand, and the need for increased selling effectiveness on the other.

What to do about it?

That is what our recording is all about.

We've noticed that when smart advertisers have to stretch budgets, and yet maintain or increase competitive positions, they often investigate network radio.

And, properly investigated, it becomes awfully hard to resist.

So we've put together some of the facts you should know about network radio, and about CBS Radio, the leader in the medium.

A few for-instances:

Fact 1. Radio's Reach Is Almost Universal.

The conventional wisdom says that mostly kids listen nowadays, right? Wrong. 92% of all people over 18 are reached by radio every week. Equally important, they listen almost three hours every day.

Fact 2. Network Radio Dollars Outstretch TV.

In the daytime, for example: The same number of commercial minute impressions that cost you $36,000 on daytime network television cost you only $20,000 on network radio.

At night, it's more so: On network radio, for almost 20% less money than a primetime nighttime TV minute, you can reach 42% more adults, three times as often.

Fact 3. Network Radio Reaches Good Customers.

In education and income the avid radio listener far exceeds the avid TV viewer. This fact helps explain why so many major advertisers add network radio to their TV buys. Trading up, you might say.

Fact 4. CBS Radio Reaches More People With More People.

With an unrivalled array of the people other people pay attention to, the CBS Radio Network reaches over 21 million adults weekly, more than any other network. And has the largest adult audience per commercial unit of any network. Household names do it: Walter Cronkite, Arthur Godfrey, Phil Rizzuto, Dear Abby, Douglas Edwards, Mike Wallace, Dan Rather, Frank Gifford, Richard C. Hottelet, and a lot more like them. (Point for advertisers: On CBS Radio, the program content enhances the commercial.)

Fact 5. On CBS Radio You Get Everything You Pay For.

There wouldn't be much point to our fine stars and outstanding newsmen if your commercials were not broadcast within network time, within the favorable show-case you sign for. So CBS Radio guarantees and delivers program clearances within its winning network schedule. No other network makes such a guarantee.

Fact 6. Those Who Know Buy CBS Radio.

One indicator of a network's value, of course, is who uses it. At last count, 19 out of the top 20 advertising agencies (who accounted for about 50% of all U.S. billings in 1969) buy the CBS Radio Network.

Well, that's a big part of our story, although by no means all of it. Better hear "The People Who Reach People" for yourself.

It's a lively document in sound, highlighting the main reasons why, in today's economic climate, network radio and especially CBS Radio, make good sense.

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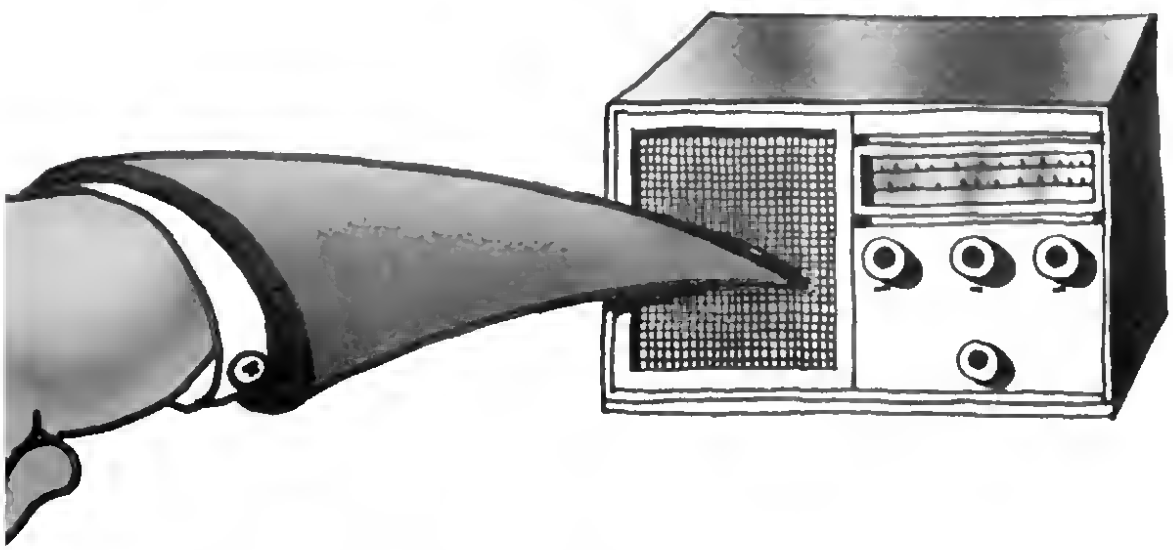

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

ARGUMENT SETTLER

The brilliant star of the 1936 Olympic Games (he took gold medals in the 100 meters, 200 meters, long jump and 400-meter relay), Jesse Owens, now 57, works for the American League's public-relations department. He has taken a creative view of his job. He wants baseball to introduce a footrace into the annual All-Star Game, just to find out who is the fastest baseball player.

"For years," he explained during a tour of the Florida spring-training camps, "people have been trying to figure out who's the fastest in the game. Let's have 'em race and find out. Put up $5,000 and the entire purse goes to the winner. What's $5,000 to the All-Star Game?"

There was some suggestion that pulled muscles might be a discouraging prospect in such a race.

"Let's face it," Jesse said. "These athletes shouldn't be getting pulled muscles in midseason. They wouldn't, if conditioned properly."

The American League may be a shoo-in if Jesse is the track coach.

LITTLE LEAGUE

Athletes of average height or less who have been discouraged from playing basketball by the game's basic insistence on stature as a measure of competence may now take a look at something fairly new called Balanced Basketball. The idea is to give the little fellow a shot at the game.

In Balanced Basketball, players are assigned height grades of 1 to 9, like so: 1) under 5′ 2″, 2) 5′ 2″ to 5′ 5″; 3) 5′ 5″ to 5′ 8″; 4) 5′ 8″ to 5′ 10½″; 5) 5′ 10½″ to 6′ 1″; 6) 6′ 1″ to 6′ 3½″; 7) 6′ 3½″ to 6′ 6″; 8) 6′ 6″ to 6′ 8″; 9) over 6′ 8″. No team is permitted to play five men at a time whose combined height grades exceed 25.

These height scales are based on figures that show the median height of adult American males to be 5′ 10″. Fewer than 10% of grown-up American males are taller than 6′ 6″—the average height of those who make a living playing basketball.

The brainchild of John McHale, a former free-lance sportswriter, Balanced Basketball has been tried successfully at recreational and junior high school levels, since the height scale can be adjusted for any age group. But it is now the basis of a New York collegiate club basketball league whose members include Iona, Manhattan, Yeshiva, Fordham and Cooper Union.

We don't expect Balanced Basketball to make any impression on professional basketball or, for that matter, the big-time college game, but it is pleasant to note that an essentially fine sport has been made available to shorter fellows.

YOUTH GETS SERVED

The Sport of Kings has had a Spanish accent for years. Now the official racing statistics for 1970 are out and show that the trend has not slackened. The top five jockeys last year were all Latin—Laffit Pincay Jr. of Panama at the No. 1 post with winnings of $2,626,526, followed by Eddie Belmonte of Puerto Rico, Jorge Velasquez of Panama, Angel Cordero Jr. of Puerto Rico and Jacinto Vasquez of Panama.

One reason for the success of the Latin jockeys is that boys are not permitted to be licensed as race riders at big tracks in the United States until they are 16. To the south, though, a jockey, riding at small tracks, is usually a polished rider by the time he reaches that age. When some Latin youngsters turn 16 they have been riding for six to eight years.

NO PLACE TO HIDE

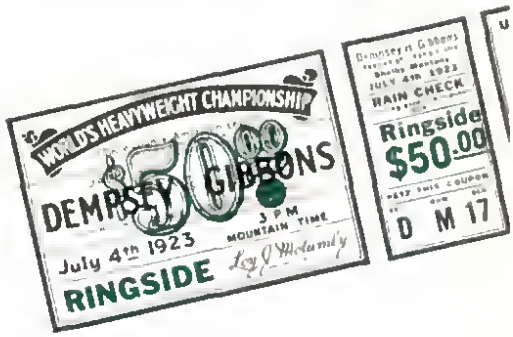
To combat higher ticket prices and too many pro football games, Dom Piledggi, a Baltimore schoolteacher, formed the Sports Fans of America after last year's NFL players' strike (SI, Sept. 7, 1970).

Now, during the off season, the SFA is alive and well, though not prospering, according to a newsletter issued last week. After six months membership is 1,300. A poll of members showed that 79% favored abandonment of playoff systems in all professional sports; the same percentage favored off-track betting; 97% wanted the baseball season shortened; 40% favored retention of baseball's reserve clause (52% thought it should be modified, 7.7% had no opinion and only 3/10 of 1% believed it should be abolished).

And the newsletter, still miffed at the cost of game tickets, announced that next year SFA dues will be doubled to $4. Where does a fan go to protest against the fan group?

NOSTALGIA FOR RAPE

It is rather like Johnstown, Pa. celebrating its flood or San Francisco deciding to put on an earthquake carnival, but Shelby, Mont. says it is going ahead anyway. A couple of years hence Shelby will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the heavyweight championship fight between Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons—the fight that caused the closing of three banks and devastated the economy of Shelby for many a year. You are invited.



Today, Shelby bills itself as "the fastest-growing town in the West," and has increased somewhat beyond what it was in 1923, when it had a population of about 2,000 and the nerve of 10,000 tigers. Today's population: 3,200.

Shelby offered Dempsey's manager, Jack Kearns, $300,000 for the fight. The townspeople built a 40,000-seat arena, then found they couldn't raise the guarantee. Kearns howled that he would call off the fight, thus discouraging fans from flocking in on the Great Northern railroad. A crowd of about 25,000, half of which crashed, paid $201,485 to see Gibbons lose in 15 rounds, the longest any man had stayed with Dempsey.

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LA BELLE EPOQUE

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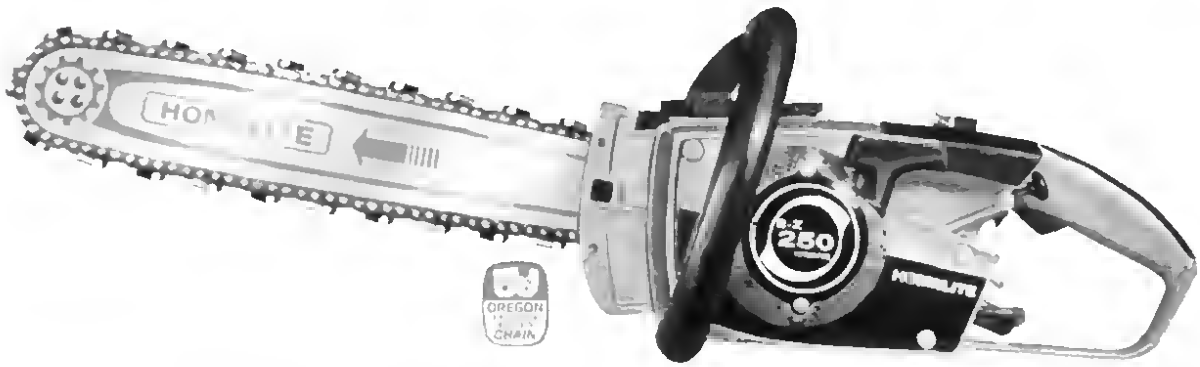

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Kearns took all of the gate and Gibbons received none of it.

Well, people like to talk about their operations and Shelby has every right to hark back to its most painful day. Anyway, the fight was staged on the Fourth of July and that's something to celebrate.

BIG THINKER ON THE DAIS

Despite his many problems (expansion, Spencer Haywood, the scrap with the American Basketball Association), the National Basketball Association's commissioner, Walter Kennedy, continues to think big. The way he sees it, the NBA will be renamed the International Basketball Association before 1980. Right now, he says, Italy, Mexico and Hawaii want into the league. Hawaii—though not, of course, international—has promised to build a 15,000-seat arena. Mexico City already has a "great facility," he noted.

"In fact," he told some fascinated bunnies at Boston's Playboy Club, "we've found great interest in Europe and the Philippines, in addition to Mexico and Hawaii, so I don't see any reason why we can't go to Rome, Madrid, Barcelona, Mexico City and Honolulu. Not right now, mind you, but as the '70s unfold, we'll begin to widen our horizons."

SEVEN-CARD DUD

You may not have heard of the World Poker Federation, since it is a rather loosely assembled group of players. So do not feel badly about missing the first World Poker championships in Cannes, which were played on about the same basis. Forty-two entrants sat around tables at the Palais des Festivals for five days of poker games, and not a franc changed hands.

At first the tournament consisted solely of Britons, because they were there, but then three Americans wandered in—one retired Denver judge and two touring golfers from Pittsburgh—and they suddenly became the American team. They were eliminated before the finals, and went back to vacationing.

Players were issued equal stacks of chips, and the games (five varieties) were limited to three hours. Bets, if they can be called that, were restricted to half of what was in each pot. After a match the chips were totaled to determine winners. Fair enough. Still, when the tournament got down to seven players in the finals one of them was a woman who had never played before and who had thrown away a royal flush in Tuesday's play because "I had no idea all those cards were diamonds or whatever you call them."

When it was all over, the new world poker champion turned out to be Rose Wolfe, a petite mother of four, whose husband, Sidney, happens to be chairman of the new world federation. Sidney also happened to finish second. Rose's trophy was an almost life-size silver hand holding a royal flush. In spades.

Flushed with success, Sidney Wolfe said, "We proved that poker can be an exciting game even if it is not played for money." For his next act Wolfe plans a series of national championships starting with one in New York next October, with the national winners to play in Cannes again next year. As real poker players say: big deal.

MARKET REPORT

It used to be that a father had to be reasonably affluent to buy his child the pony that every kid wants. But now the pony market is down, according to Willis K Lynch, president of Maryland Pony Breeders, Inc.

"I see herds of ponies going through auction rings selling at prices of $3 to $15," he says, whereas the minimum bid used to be $50.

Lynch blames indiscriminate breeding. "A mare and a stallion [of no particular breeding] are purchased," he explained. "They are turned out together. Ponies don't take much care in a pasture. Time goes by quickly and a cute foal is born. More time goes by. Another foal. This sequence of events continues and in four years the family totals five. Of these, three colts are sold at auction for a grand total of $21."

FEARSOME FOURSOME

The fisherman who loves the bountiful streams and lakes of Maine will admit nonetheless that they are not paradise. There are those millions of pesky black flies.

At long last something is being done about them. A not terribly extravagant legislature appropriated $3,000 for a study of the flies by a University of Maine research team and now the team has reported. In hopes of raising the flies in the laboratory, where an effort would be made to find a vaccine, they have sent black-fly larvae to the Hollister-Stier Laboratories in Spokane.

"We should know by next spring whether a larval vaccine is effective and practical to manufacture," the team reported.

One cheery note. Not all black flies are nuisances.

"Although we have taken approximately 27 species of black flies in Maine," the report said, "only eight species have been taken during the act of biting man and it appears that about 99% of the annoyance is caused by only four species."

It's a busy little four, though.

THE CLANDESTINE WINNER

Somewhere in Bologna, Italy there is a soccer-pools player with winnings of $706,400 in his pocket and a tendency to keep looking back over his shoulder.

For a total investment of $1.28, the player picked all 13 games correctly on one sheet and got 12 of 13 on three other sheets. Thereby he surpassed the previous record winnings of $570,000.

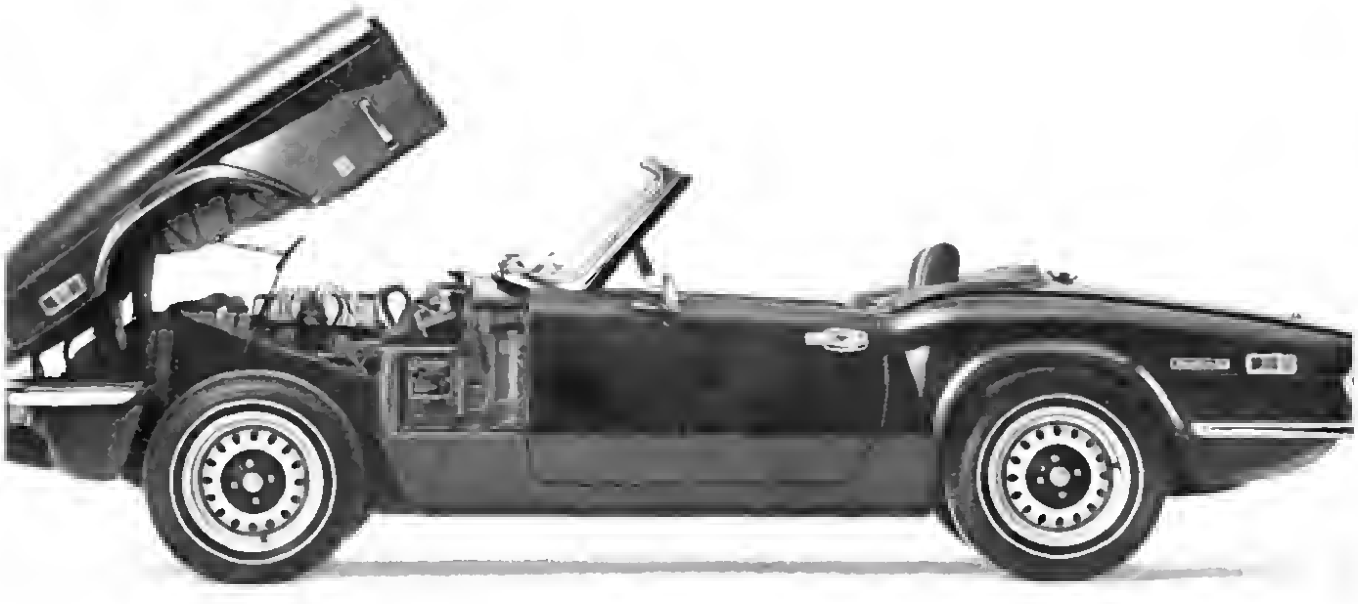
So that he need not identify himself, the player did what most of Italy's big winners do. He cashed his ticket through a bank or a notary public. That way he could avoid government tax collectors. Not to mention suddenly solicitous relatives.

DANGER ON THE SLOPES

At the height of the skiing season, Austrians took a look at some statistics and shuddered. At 70,000 per year, ski accidents topped the country's car accidents by 10,000. Out of Austria's total population of seven million, one million are skiers.

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Concannon, on the reaction he expects from the Chicago Bears' front office to his Fu Manchu mustache long sideburns and collar-length hair: "They want us to play like Joe Namath but we can't look like him."
- Casey Cox, Washington Senators' pitcher, asked why a picture of the Baltimore Orioles' Mark Belanger hangs in the Senators' clubhouse: "He was the only guy we could get out last year."
- Rocky Graziano, former middleweight champion and sometime painter: "Well, I turned out 150 paintings, and I do heads of people, too. But when I do a head of someone, I always give him a cauliflower ear—just a little bit." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
MARCH 15, 1971

THE BATTERED FACE OF A WINNER

Moving remorselessly forward, Joe Frazier, that gritty stump of a man, won a unanimous decision at Madison Square Garden on Monday night to become the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world. Frazier not only beat Muhammad Ali to the punch, he licked him in the prophecy department. "Clay is good," he said beforehand, "but he isn't good enough to escape." He wasn't. Ali, in turn, billed the bout as The Return of the Dancing Master. It wasn't. Ali didn't get up on his toes and jab; he chose, disastrously, to hook with a hooker. By this, Ali gave away his 6½" advantage in reach.

Ali gave away much more by his bizarre charades—lying against the ropes, the pretty red tassels on his shoes drooping lifelessly; shouting sepulchrally to the press, "Nooo connntesssst"; beckoning Frazier to hit him; shaking his head defiantly when hit; tapping Frazier on the forehead as though testing for termites. But these acts, designed to steal time, failed in their purpose. Ali's time was past.

It was Frazier's hour, as became manifest in the 11th round, when a big hook left Ali rubber-legged. In the 12th Frazier folded Ali like a carpenter's rule with successive shots to the belly and head, and in the final round a sweeping left hook, which seemed to start at Frazier's shoe tops, put him down for a four-count, closing a reign of both majesty and mystery.

On the following pages are photographs by James Drake, George Kalinsky, Neil Leifer, Herb Scharfman and Tony Triolo and a report by Mark Kram.

Looking more the victim than the victor—every curve and angle of his face distorted by Ali's punches—Frazier answers postfight questions.

First there was an insolent preflight nudge from a playful Ali.

Then came the serious punches and growing desperation. Suddenly Ali was down, his red tassels flying and his hopes fading.

'EVERYONE WILL REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED'

by MARK KRAM

He has always wanted the world as his audience, wanted the kind of attention that few men in history ever receive. So on Monday night it was his, all of it, the intense hate and love of his own nation, the singular concentration and concern of multitudes in every corner of the earth, all of it suddenly blowing across a squared patch of light like a relentless wind. It was his moment, one of the great stages of *our* time, and it is a matter of supreme irony that after all the years that went into constructing this truly special night Muhammad Ali was in fact carefully securing the details for his own funereal end—in front of the millions he moved deeply.

The people, he said, would be in the streets of Africa and Asia waiting for word of what happened, and what they have heard—by now—is what they never will really believe. The sudden evil of Joe Frazier's left hook, Ali's bold effort to steal time by theatrics, his wicked early pace that left him later without any guns and his insistence on hooking with a hooker (a bad bit of business)—all of this combined to provide the push for his long, long fall from invincibility. It left Frazier at last the only heavyweight champion of the world and the survivor of one of the most destructive fights among big men in decades.

The first dramatic damage to Ali came in the 11th round when Frazier hooked him to the head and followed with a cruel left to the body that sent Ali rolling back to a neutral corner, a man who seemed caught in an immense, violent wave. He hung on, but his eyes took on a terrible softness and they were never the same again. At the bell, water was thrown in his face before he could reach his corner. There, with his medicine man, Bundini, desperately trying to inflame him, and his trainer, Angelo Dundee, shaking a finger frantically in his face, he was pasted back to a semblance of one piece. As he came out for the 12th, one could see that something was wrong with the right side of his face; it was swelling rapidly and his jaw seemed broken.

He spent almost the entire 13th round in a neutral corner, but he was not active and appeared in a trance, oblivious to the hoarse scream of Bundini: "You got God in your corner, Champ!" Ali responded in the 14th, but not convincingly, even though he did win the round; by now both fighters, their bodies graphically spent, were continually draped over each other, looking like big fish who had wallowed onto a beach. Then, in the 15th, Frazier exploded the last shells from that big left gun. It was near the middle of the round, and the left boomed into Ali's face (*see cover*), sending him to the canvas with his head ricocheting frightfully off the floor, his feet waving in the air. He got up and finished the round, but he had lost.

The work of Frazier—his glinting animalism, his intensity of purpose—cannot be minimized or in any way discredited. This was not a negative victory, his smothering pressure contributed much to Ali's weird behavior, the options Ali took in strategy and the exhaustion that began to devour him about the sixth round.

The bout was exciting, theatrical and bizarre—and a mild disappointment to some. "Neither fighter did well what he does best," said Cus D'Amato, boxing's mad scientist. "Frazier, the body puncher, went more effectively to the head, and Clay, the dancer, was flat-footed. But either because of this, or despite it, it was drama of the highest order."

It was obvious what Ali had in mind from the opening bell and, perhaps knowing what he had left in him, he followed the only course open: attack this machine early, shake his confidence. It was a sound tactic; early is when Frazier is most accessible. From the start Ali used flamboyance in an attempt to deflate Frazier's spirit. When both arrived in the ring, he danced across it with a smile on his face, brushing abrasively close to Frazier, almost up against him, but the ploy appeared fruitless. In the first moments Ali began doing what he would repeat throughout the early rounds of the fight: every time Frazier's left hook caught him he would shake his head vigorously, telling his audience that the punch did not bother him, telling Frazier that he was wasting his time.

Ali was effective for a while, and there was a clean line to his work. The jab probed and distributed pain and perplexed Frazier. Joe seemed to be trying to stay low, but more and more he began to raise himself into the range of Ali's firepower. Soon, however, it was clear that he was not doing this out of confusion but by design. He was going to take what Ali had to give, and in so doing—he undoubtedly thought—he could intimidate Ali. Frazier took it all—the hard jabs by Ali and that flashing right that traveled instantly behind it. In the third round Joe came out smiling, as he often does at this point in his fights, and he beckoned for Ali to come out to meet him.

A long night was still ahead for Frazier, because this was an Ali determined to put a muzzle on all the mouths that have questioned his courage, his will, his ability to handle pain. "That man," Frazier said later, his own face covered with pyramids of hurt, "can sure take some punches. I went to the country, back home, for some of the shots I hit him with." And Ali's jab faded like a sick flower. His once remarkable legs gone, his arms heavy, he hung on the ropes and spent long and dangerous periods in the corners, it was astonishing that he escaped serious damage. "The way they were hitting," said Referee Arthur Mercante, "I was surprised that it went 15. They threw some of the best punches I've ever seen."

"Everyone will remember what happened here," Ali had said before the fight. "What I want them to remember is my art and my science."

They will remember. Though not as he intended. END

Dazed, his jaw swelling, Ali listens to pleas of Angelo Dundee. One round later Frazier receives triumphant hug from Yank Durham.

SON OF THE AXE CHOPS 'EM

He had not raced since January, but when Executioner was sent to the post in the Flamingo Stakes he was sharp enough to win it big

by WHITNEY TOWER

In the decade since he inherited his mother's horses, New Jersey stockbroker Peter Kissel has operated October House Farm with far better than average success. Among his four homebred stakes winners was a game colt named Iron Ruler who, unhappily, taught Owner-Breeder Kissel a thing or two about finishing second in big races. As a 2-year-old Iron Ruler was second in the Champagne and second in the Garden State. The next season he was second in the Florida Derby, second in the Wood Memorial and second in the Arlington Classic. Even more frustratingly, Iron Ruler finished first in the Flamingo that year, only to be disqualified and set back to second for interfering with Wise Exchange, the official winner.

This season Kissel's wife Phyllis decided things would be different. On the day in January when October House Farm's Executioner, the grimly but fittingly named son of The Axe II, was to run in the Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah, Phyllis ducked into the track's gift shop and came out with a small box that she dropped into her husband's pocket. "It's a good-luck charm," she said. "Don't open it until after the race." After the race there was Executioner, winner by a nose, and there was Kissel looking into the box at a miniature china figure of a flamingo.

Last week at Hialeah, Kissel and his trainer, Eddie Yowell, finally got the big Flamingo they had been looking for, this one worth $100,750, after Executioner

finished a head in front of Greentree's pace-setting Dynastic in 1:49⅕ at the end of the mile-and-an-eighth test. It was some kind of horse race, certainly a tribute to the gameness of Executioner, who had closed out the 1970 season by finishing second—naturally—to Run The Gantlet in the Garden State, but maybe even more of a tribute to Yowell, who deliberately kept his colt out of competition from the Hibiscus on Jan. 20 until the Flamingo on March 3. "Eddie did it all," said Kissel. "I told him we'd be either heroes or bums." The smiling Yowell said, "I didn't think we'd be bums because I know this colt pretty well by now. He may not have been racing since Jan. 20, but he hasn't been sitting around doing nothing, either. I've been working him long and slow with an occasional fast three-quarters to keep his zip. The main thing was, I wanted a fresh horse because this colt runs best when he's fresh. I probably won't give him another race until the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on March 27. That's the way he is."

Most people expected the Flamingo to be a rerun on the Feb. 17 Everglades, in which His Majesty, a full brother to Graustark, got up just in time to take a head decision from Jim French, a son of Graustark. In that one Dynastic opened up six lengths but tired in the stretch. It was assumed that Dynastic would try the same thing again, and because he would be a fitter colt in his second attempt at running around two turns some thought the 10-to-1 shot might get away with it.

Sure enough, at the start there went Bobby Ussery and Dynastic away with such speed that they had a six-length lead midway up the backstretch. His Majesty was up closer this time, behind Executioner but never worse than fourth, and appeared to be in perfect position to make his move as the field left the half-mile pole. "I thought he had it for sure at that point," said His Majesty's owner, John Galbreath. "But, you know, in this game, just when you think you have something for sure, you get what amounts to a punch in the jaw." His Majesty didn't get a punch in the jaw, but what he did get was a chip fracture in his right foreleg, apparently just as the field was turning for home. As Jacinto Vasquez moved Executioner up and carved into Dynastic's lead on the final turn, Braulio Baeza succeeded in getting through on the rail with His Majesty. Had the colt not been injured, he might have taken the Flamingo, but instead he brushed against the rail, slowed down and finished sixth. He will undergo surgery and will not run again this year.

As Dynastic leads into the stretch, the eventual winner, Executioner, moves away from the injured His Majesty, who brushes against rail.

Dynastic, meanwhile, hung on magnificently and nearly made it all the way. "He didn't take the last turn too well," said Ussery. "I tapped him on the nose to keep him as close to the rail as possible because I knew that if His Majesty had it in him to catch me, that's where he'd try and come through. This colt is still a little rank, but he'll settle down with experience. I knew he was good, and now we all know he tries, too." Down the stretch, it was strictly between Dynastic and the pursuing Executioner. Less than 50 yards from the wire, after Executioner had taken a slight lead, Dynastic actually came on again to narrow the winning margin to a short head. Behind this pair, 3½ lengths back, came Jim French, running his sixth race in a little over two months, while behind him were Sole Mio and Twist The Axe. None of the others ran like Triple Crown contenders.

Even before the distressing injury to His Majesty, the Flamingo lost some of its rich plumage when Calumet Trainer Reggie Cornell decided not to start Bold and Able, a son of Bold Lad. Because of recurring shin trouble the colt had been a little behind in his training for most of the winter, and Cornell did not want to send him the mile and an eighth of the Flamingo without one prep race at a distance. When Cornell could not find anything suitable on the main track, he decided to have a whack at a mile and 1/16th on the turf. He was sorry he did, for not only did Bold and Able finish fourth (to the undistinguished Thorn, who paid an eye-popping $220.40), but he came back with ailing shins again. "If I was desperate I could still run Bold and Able in the Flamingo," Cornell said the day before the race, "but we're not that kind of a stable. There's a long season ahead, and I'm going to wait."

When Bold and Able does reenter the picture, he will still have Executioner to worry about and Dynastic, too, although the latter is headed for a brief freshener at Greentree's winter headquarters in Aiken, S.C. before going either to New York or Keeneland. Executioner has the credentials to carry his speed any distance you can name. His dam, Mae East, is a granddaughter of Pavot, and his sire, The Axe II, by Mahmoud, was a stakes winner in England at 2 and 3. He then came to the U.S., where he won nine stakes, including the mile-and-a-half Man O'War, and $393,391.

And some of Executioner's victims are likely to improve after their Flamingo efforts. Jim French could, although he may have peaked already, and both Sole Mio and Twist The Axe would appear to have better chances as the distances stretch out. Twist The Axe reared in the gate in the Flamingo, broke badly and found himself with too much ground to make up.

The 3-year-old season now shifts to Gulfstream, Santa Anita and Aqueduct. Among those at the New York track will be the 1970 2-year-old champion, Hoist The Flag, fresh off a phenomenal six-furlong workout in 1:10 on the Camden, S.C. training track. Also at Aqueduct will be Limit To Reason, Run The Gantlet and Your Excellency, which should make for some interesting racing. "Hoist The Flag is the colt we all have to beat if we're going to get anywhere," said Flamingo winner Kissel. "But it doesn't look like we'll get a chance at him until Kentucky—if all goes well for both horses."

The way Phyllis Kissel looks at it, all is going to go well for Executioner just as long as her husband carries his miniature china flamingo in his pocket on race days. "Yes, this is what did it," said Peter as he admired the figurine, which sells in Miami at three for $1.25. "This and Eddie Yowell. Eddie's got to be the greatest trainer in the world."

"Wait a minute," said Phyllis. "I've got another good-luck something myself. Don't you recognize this dress? The last time I wore it was Flamingo Day of 1968 when Iron Ruler won—only he didn't win."

"Never mind," said Peter. "The dress is wonderful, you're wonderful, Executioner is wonderful, Eddie Yowell is wonderful, and I don't think I've ever been so happy in my whole life." **END**

SWIFT NEW RULER OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS

A slippery green sloop called 'Running Tide' defeated the finest fleet in ocean racing history in a suspenseful series

by HUGH D. WHALL

Like pale green seawater searching its way over coral, the 60-foot sloop *Running Tide* twisted and turned as she beat to weather on a shifty breeze off Nassau. To win the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, all she had to do was finish 10th or better in this final race of the series—a round trip of 31 miles out to the protuberance called Booby Rocks and back. But now, as she swam to windward, *Running Tide*'s luck seemed to have abandoned her. Every tack she took was out of phase with the wind and drew her deeper into trouble. Every tack pulled David Steere's *Yankee Girl* farther and farther ahead. It was enough to give *Running Tide*'s owner and skipper, Jakob Isbrandtsen, a rich red thrombosis.

Clawing to windward, "Running Tide" starts the Nassau Cup on a lumpy Bahamian sea.

She had done so well in previous races. She had been so consistent. She had so much going for her. Granted she was an old crock already a year in the water—hull and gear development is racing along at a furious pace these days—*Running Tide* had had everything of the best, beginning the moment designer Olin Stephens put her shapely lines on paper.

Isbrandtsen, president of a big New York steamship company—remember his *Flying Enterprise* and Captain Kurt Carlsen?—gave her expert seamanship. "I went to Olin," he said, "and told him I wanted a boat 45 foot on the waterline and that he would have a free hand with the rest. He could make her as long as he wanted, give her whatever beam he thought best, make her as deep as he liked. But, as I told him, I would do the rest."

The "rest" reflects the depth of Isbrandtsen's ocean racing experience. Instead of being cut up into numerous little cubicles as so many boats are today, down below *Running Tide* is dramatically wide open from bow to stern. For easy upkeep she is paneled not in fancy teak or mahogany but in serviceable Formica. There is a bunk for each man, a special sail bin for each sail, gratings instead of floorboards so that any water seeping below will drain into the bilge. And since Isbrandtsen has no hired hand and his amateur crews are expected to cook, there is a galley in which amateurs can turn out an edible meal.

Best of all, as anyone can imagine who has ever had to roll out and go on deck in the middle of a roaring wet night to put a reef in the mainsail, Isbrandtsen has made it possible to reef the sloop from belowdecks in the snugness of her cabin.

Running Tide had more than mere looks and efficiency, she had some kind of hotshot crew, not big as crews go but miles deep in experience. Men like Bill Kelly, Charlie Bertrand, Bizzy Monte-Sano. Her navigator, Jim Shepley, owns his own ocean racer and right-hand man Vic Romagna is almost as famous for his America's Cup crewing as Bus Mosbacher is for his helmsmanship. On occasion Bob McCullough, skipper of the America's Cup contender *Valiant*, also has served.

Together they drove *Tide* hard and well. The first race of the series was a 105-

mile haul from St. Petersburg to Venice, Fla. in which she finished fourth, astern of a wickedly fast sloop called *Sorcery*. Not an auspicious beginning, but not bad. A week later came a real gear buster, the 400-mile trip around the hook of Florida from St Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale. Not only was it the longest race of the series, it also turned out to be the roughest. Last year's champion, *American Eagle*, won with *Running Tide* second and, fortunately for both, they finished before a storm frothed up the sea. Masts flew about like twigs in the maelstrom, and one boat dropped out with what her owner described as "crew failure." The veteran ocean racer Dick Kurts said afterward, "Sitting up on *Equation's* rail with water washing over me, I asked myself, 'What am I doing out here?' "

At this point *Running Tide* had a slight lead in the standings over *American Eagle*. Then came the race from Miami to Lucaya (which *Running Tide* skipped), a disaster for the Big Bad Bird. Storming across a newly angry Gulf Stream, *Eagle* lost her mast when a stay let go. A toggle fastener failed and the stay went, followed by the mast, which cracked off at deck level. "Snap, crackle, pop," growled Skipper Ted Turner (SI, March 16, 1970). Mast, mainsail and genny all collapsed in a tangled mess, forcing the shorn *Eagle* to limp back to Miami for urgent rerigging so she could make the Lipton Cup.

What a waste. In years past, one mark of what was then a triangular Lipton course consisted of a Coast Guard ship out in the Gulf Stream holding position under power since anchoring is impossible. This mark had a tendency to weave about in the Stream. It often became a comic hare-and-hounds chase as the fleet charged after her, trying to catch her and round her.

This year it was decided to make a sort of slalom course along Miami Beach. Even worse chaos resulted. Some racers could not find the first mark, again a boat, and others passed it on the wrong side. Protests spewed forth. *Running Tide* got a sixth place.

But then *Tide* put it all together in the classic of the SORC, the 176-mile Miami-Nassau race. Over nearly the entire course she was hooked up in a grand duel with *Eagle*. Last year's event had been a beat to weather—*Eagle* weather. So it was once again.

Through the first daylight hours the fleet clawed eastward. Then darkness fell—and *Eagle* made a costly error. Seven feet shorter than *Eagle*, *Tide* predictably was trailing as night came, but by good sailing she kept within striking distance of Turner's racy old Twelve.

It is terribly difficult to sail well at night. One's eyes play tricks, the red glow of the instrument lights becomes hypnotic, sails sometimes seem properly trimmed when they are not. Judging wind shifts becomes an almost impossible art. Those aboard *Running Tide* decided, correctly, that it would be wise to sail high on the course; *Eagle* erred by sailing below the rhumb line. And so, when dawn broke, there to windward—and now ahead—flowed *Running Tide* while *Eagle* lay astern and to leeward. A tacking duel promptly ensued and raged all morning as each boat searched for chinks in the other's tactical armor. Tack and tack they fought, the smaller green-hulled sloop holding fast against the larger red one. Then the wind did *Eagle* a favor by fading a bit. With a larger spread of sail to harness the breeze, *Eagle* pulled away to cross the finish line off Nassau first. But she could not save her time on *Tide*, which finished about an hour later and won on handicap.

With the final race of the series, the Nassau Cup, three days distant, *Running Tide* led the fleet with 1,838¼ points with *Yankee Girl* second at 1,832¼. *Tide's* position was by no means secure.

She lay moored at the Mermaid Tavern in a veritable armada of fast, fine boats. No one, anywhere, had ever seen such an array of big racers or, indeed, such quality. "It doesn't take much, huh?" said Isbrandtsen. "The differences that separate these big boats are the same that separated *Valiant* and *Intrepid* at Newport. Little ones. Little ones."

With the exception of *Eagle* and *Windward Passage*, another glamour girl of the fleet, the boats were practically fresh from the builders and all of them were over 50 feet. With an average price tag in the neighborhood of $300,000, one wondered about the business slump people keep talking about. Clearly, the little boats could no longer cut it. Once upon a time the rule favored small craft, but with a new rating rule, 1971 is decidedly the year of the big boat.

A big boat named *Running Tide*? Said Isbrandtsen as he waited the SORC finale: "Those bastards are going to be out there hoping we'll foul out. In their place I'd be hoping the same thing, huh?"

Winner Isbrandtsen and Miami-Nassau cup.

And now that *Tide* was under way, nothing seemed to go right, compounding the agony of the stronghacks on the coffee grinders, who had partied late. A cardinal rule in racing says that you cover your closest competition; yet, inexplicably, *Tide* was not covering *Yankee Girl*. She was off by herself chasing elusive wind shifts. The men of *Tide* felt that their vibrations were, somehow, all wrong. Turning Boohy Rocks and running home to Nassau did not improve their position appreciably, and when she eased back to the Mermaid Tavern *Tide* carried a downcast crew.

Someone from *Passage* called premature congratulations to Isbrandtsen. "I dunno," he replied. "It's too early to tell. We're still sweating it out huh?" Sipping a whiskey and water he glared around the cockpit. "It was just lousy. We just couldn't do anything right." Romagna suggested they go find out what the computer said. The Southern Ocean Racing Conference, the computer then announced, had been won by the lousy-lovely salts of *Running Tide*. It had not the means to add: "against the finest competition any sailor has ever seen." END

THEY'RE HO-HUMMERS NO MORE

Flood wrapped himself around the franchise.

Washington now has Senators named McLain, Flood, Williams and Short lobbying to bridge the yawning gap that almost drove the team away

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Think, for a moment, in terms of billboards. Think of marquees, flyers, handbills, throwaways and full-page ads. COMMAND PERFORMANCE! THE WASHINGTON SENATORS. MOST EXCITING TEAM IN BASEBALL. MUST ENTERTAINMENT. Or, LIMITED ENGAGEMENT, THROUGH WEDNESDAY; THE WASHINGTON SENATORS. BASEBALL'S MOST FASCINATING TEAM. What's that? The moribund Washington Senators "exciting"? The last-place Senators "fascinating"? Preposterous. All right, that too.

But no longer a team ignored. All those years—generations, it seems—are past when a writer only needed to summon up a word like "inconspicuous" ("rotten" might have been better) to characterize the Washington club. The Senators are not to be ignored anymore. They virtually thrust themselves onto the daily sports page, a delightful, unlikely medley under an unorthodox, enlightened leadership.

Observe the fascinating Senators as spring training games began in Florida last week. Their owner, who has been in the baseball business only three years, does so many things wrong that the writers in Washington cannot stop writing about him. His name is Bob Short and he traded half his infield against everybody's wishes for Denny McLain, and he is so sorry about what he did that he cannot stop grinning.

McLain is the Senators' new star pitcher. He was a notorious character twice suspended from baseball last year, but before that he was a 31-game winner for Detroit in 1968. There have been years when the entire Washington team had a very hard time being a 31-game winner.

Then there is the newly enrolled star outfielder who has a lawsuit pending that challenges the structure of baseball. His name is Curt Flood and he hit .293 in 12 years as a St. Louis Cardinal. When the Cardinals traded him, Flood refused to go, flouting the reserve clause, and sat out last season to cultivate, he says, a hate for the Cardinals. He has written a book on his travail and has passed out copies to his new teammates. Flood gets almost as much attention in Florida as McLain.

The incumbent attention-getter is Frank Howard. He wears size 13 shoes and weighed 297 pounds when he reported for duty in Pompano Beach three weeks ago. Howard became so big a star in the off season that his manager has told him he cannot play the outfield unless he lets some of himself go. When Howard is asked how much he weighs, he gets a pained look, as if his shoes have shrunk.

Howard's other position is first base, which he shares with Mike Epstein. Epstein is another of the interesting cases that have infiltrated the Senators. Epstein has been told again and again what a great potential he is, and on occasions in the past he has demonstrated that this is not idle flattery. Usually, however, Epstein has given management the impression that he will set a record for sulks and dudgeons before he ever leads the league in singles and doubles. He has started off the spring in midseason form—his face a pantomime of indifference and boredom whenever he comes to bat. Indifference happens to be the one thing the team's manager cannot stand.

The manager's name is Ted Williams. Williams always begins the spring by confessing that he would rather be someplace fishing. This is a front Williams puts up, like a duck blind, to keep writers and the team's owner from getting too used to having him around. The fact is that Williams loves being one of the best managers in baseball and he has quit forecasting his imminent retreat to the front office. It is possible that for pure pleasure Williams would prefer more than anything else to be settled behind the batting cage at home plate, pointing out the inevitable flaws in his mediocre hitters. That or needling his second-string catcher.

McLain is working hard to regain his 31-game winning form of 1968.

But even now he has trouble keeping both feet on the ground.

The second-string catcher is Jim French. Ordinarily Jim French would be a Senator to be ignored, except that he represents a kind of synthesis of the team's fresh spirit. French is not big (5' 7"), but at 182 pounds neither is he lithe. He hit .211 last year and one home run and did not steal a base. He is, however, the fastest tongue on the team and is irrepressible. He considered his terrible record and asked for a raise. For a time he was even a holdout. He told Williams a man's contribution can be measured in more ways than hitting and fielding. Williams agreed with him.

Last week Williams put French in left field for an intrasquad game. French made a spectacular catch of a routine fly ball, and when he came into the dugout he said, "Just like picking cherries out there." "Yeah," said Williams in mock anger. "Out there you better keep your helmet on. It could be dangerous for you."

Williams the manager is now 53 years old and he is almost twice the man he was when he played in Boston and wore a 32-inch belt. The wonderfully fluid Williams swing, however, remains intact, as though time-locked, and every now and then he puts it to use—instructing a player or impressing old friends like Phil Rizzuto on the importance of hip turn or the position of the wrists at impact.

When he could no longer resist the temptation this spring, he took a bat to the plate one afternoon and, on the sixth pitch from Coach Wayne Terwilliger, hoisted a ball down the line in right field and out of the park. The wind was helping, but the ball would have gone out anyway. Old men in starchy Bermuda shorts, sunning themselves in the green bleachers, rose to applaud him, an idol briefly come to life. Williams quit immediately and has not taken up a bat in earnest since. But what gives everybody the shivers when he does this sort of thing—once a year, on the average—is not so much the demonstration of that lovely swing but the nagging suspicion that, in a day of substandard hitting, he can still bat better than anybody else.

Owner Short, kibitzing behind the cage a few days later, offered Williams $10,000 to come out of retirement for one pinch hit during the regular season. "Just give me notice, so I can advertise," said Short. Williams said he would take the offer under advisement.

They remain, these two unlikely allies, close friends, despite what Short considers the attempts of others to wedge between him and Williams. (One man on the payroll was let go this year because Short resented his intrusions.) They are men of sharply contrasting styles. Short likes to make the scene; he has friends on Capitol Hill, he dresses smartly and does not hanker for the vast privacies of the outdoors as Williams does.

But they were debutants together three seasons ago when Short, in his first year as owner, talked Williams out of his eight-year exile. Short has "grown to love" Williams, and to indulge him

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when he does not show for the banquets and social functions where he is expected. He watches Williams and he is amazed. Williams, in his way, is equally as enthusiastic about Short. "Listen," he says, "I like the s.o.b."

"We are in many respects the same, though we appear to be so different," says Short. "He's basically a shy guy. He wouldn't want to go out there at all if he didn't have the uniform on. It's his ticket to get on the field. I don't need that, but I come on strong with a lot of bluster to hide the fact that I'm a shy guy, too. And, of course, we both like to have our way."

McLain represented box office, and Short's way to get him was through a trade. He could not reach Williams for the decision—"You know how he leaves the phone off the hook"—but he went ahead and agreed to all details of the deal at an airport on a now-or-never basis. Williams did not like the trade because he had to give up the entire left . . . side . . . of . . . the . . . infield, as those who knock Short's swap like to say in very measured tones. The implication is that the left side of the infield was the Great Wall of China. In fact, it still adds up to only two players, a shortstop named Brinkman (who hit .262) and a third baseman named Rodriguez (.249). Other players were thrown in on both sides, principally Infielder Don Wert and Utility Man Elliott Maddox from the Tigers, and Pitchers Joe Coleman and Jim Hannan to the Tigers.

Williams' concern was, principally, that the Senators would suffer on defense. "Good pitching is often good fielding," he says, "and good infielders are hard to come by just now. These things run in cycles. But Wert will help. I'll go with experience in the infield. If that doesn't work, we can bring up the young guys." One of the best of the youngsters is a shortstop named Tohy Harrah. Among other things, he is taking readily to Williams' hitting instructions.

Short, as it happens, is a businessman with a high sensitivity for the art. In his native Minnesota he owns hotels and a trucking line, and likes to think he could have been governor. He resents any implication that he comes out of the Midwest using his sleeve to wipe the soup from his chin. He sets out to do what other people cannot do, and when he dragged Williams off the saltwater flats of the Florida Keys to be his manager, beating the odds and ignoring the eight-year-old echoes of "No, I'll never manage, I'll never manage," he feels he set a proper precedent.

Now he is engaged in a fight for life in Washington. He says the Senators lost $1.6 million those first two years, mainly because of his miscalculating expenses and the plunging economy. It is Short's style, however, not to fall back and consolidate at times like these, but, rather, to attack afresh. It probably is this characteristic that Williams finds most appealing.

Instead of cutting expenses, Short increased them with the addition of the high-salaried Flood and McLain, to go with the $120,000 Howard. McLain signed on and immediately was approving. "How many owners would take the time to make personal calls to your wife when you've got a problem?" he said. "He was interested. He cared. I was in Detroit seven years. I never got a call from Mr. Fetzer. I never knew him."

Short's aggressive style contrasts rather starkly with his poor-mouthing, of course. He recently bought two more hotels and now has half the rooms in St. Paul and a third of the rooms in Minneapolis, and the salaries he must pay his new superstars have not exactly gone unrecorded. But his intuitive sense for good value cannot be challenged. McLain—hat pulled cockily over his eyes, bulldog chin outthrust, every inch a living, breathing superstar—accounted for an average increase of 5,000 customers every time he pitched in Detroit for the three-year period of 1968-70. After his 31-game year in 1968 the figure was an astounding 30,000. Short did not know this at the time of the deal.

"He's a face, that's what I knew," says Short. "Howard's a face. Without Howard last year we wouldn't have drawn flies. Flood's a face." He did not say it, but he clearly implied that the average fan just does not break the gates down to see a Brinkman or a Rodriguez and, moreover, if you had to lose all three, McLain would be far tougher to replace than Brinkman and Rodriguez combined.

Williams now must do some of that replacing. He is learning to live with the trade. He has quit calling it "your trade" around Short and begun calling it "our trade." He has—at Short's request ("I was getting a little sensitive about it")—quit asking him in public, "Who you going to get to play shortstop?" Williams calls it "that other position." He has, furthermore, been impressed with McLain, both by his attitude ("He'll charm you, there's no doubt about that") and the fact that he

continued

During spring, at least, the view from the top for Owner Short and Williams is all laughs.

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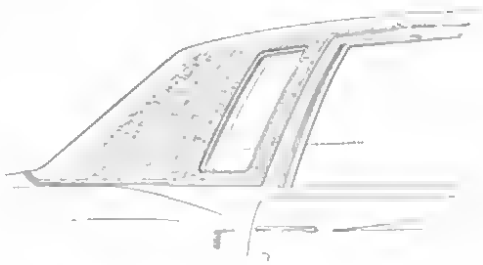
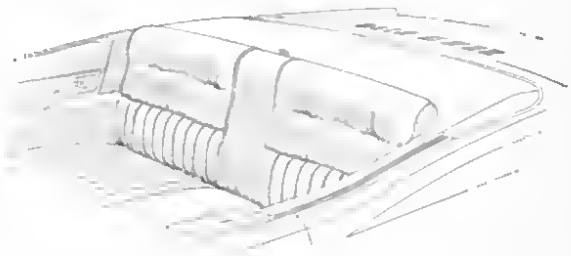
The dramatically beautiful 1971 Fleetwood Eldorados—equipped with Cadillac's front-wheel drive and an exclusive 8.2 litre V-8 engine—usher in a whole new era of personal luxury motoring. Everything about the new Eldorados—the long, low, distinctive design, the luxuriously appointed interior, the incredibly quiet riding qualities (quiet even by traditional Cadillac standards)—marks them as the world's most elegant personal cars.

The completely restyled Eldorado Coupe has a distinction and poise that are elegantly expressed in its beveled hood and rear deck, and in its graceful proportions. New coach windows—an Eldorado exclusive—accentuate its classic, personal car ap-



pearance. Side-guard beams in the doors show typical Cadillac concern for your security. And you will discover new low-profile seats, finished in rich fabrics or soft leathers, along with the many comforts and conveniences that you expect in a personal car built by Cadillac.

Personal motoring achieves an even greater dimension of luxury with an all-new companion model to the Eldorado Coupe—the youthful and glamorous Eldorado Convertible. Now the only luxury convertible built in America, it comes equipped with an ingenious new inward-folding Hideaway Top, which



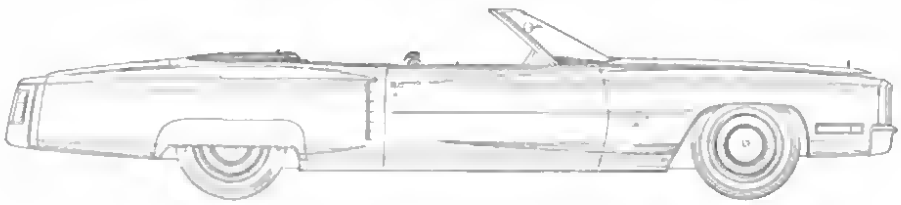
folds behind the seat when lowered, providing full-width room for rear-seat passengers. Rarely is such an exciting personal car introduced to the motoring world.

But only when you're actively behind the wheel of either of these great personal cars will you fully appreciate Eldorado individuality. The big, quiet, exclusive 8.2 litre V-8 engine (which can perform brilliantly, and with lower exhaust emissions, on the new no-lead, low-lead gasolines) responds smoothly to your driving demands. Combined with the precise handling of Cadillac's front-wheel drive, variable-ratio power steering, power front disc brakes and Automatic Level Control, it provides luxury performance that's uniquely exciting. Add to that the smoother, softer, quieter ride attributable to Eldorado's new, longer wheelbase and new suspension, and you will experience driving pleasure unequaled anywhere in the world.

No other automobiles can match the distinction and the quiet performance of the 1971 Eldorados. Your Cadillac dealer invites you to experience the pleasure of driving the world's most elegant personal cars.

GM

Cadillac Motor Car Division



Cadillac

Shown opposite is the 1971 Eldorado Coupe.

Watch Masters Golf with the Leader, Cadillac, April 10-11, CBS-TV.

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Sears The Men's Store

has worked hard ("He's got some kind of style"). McLain has been eager to pitch and, starting against the Montreal Expos Saturday in Palm Beach, he went four easy innings, giving up five hits but only one run.

"It's a matter of pride," McLain had said one previous afternoon in Pompano. "I guarantee you this: there won't be any 14-game losing streaks around here [the Senators lost 14 straight in September last year]. My pride couldn't take it. I think I'd commit suicide if that happened. I'll tell you something else. This is no last-place club. There's too much talent here."

Williams continues to make liars out of those who said he could not stand the incompetence he would be surrounded with in Washington. His enthusiasm, if anything, has increased. His patience for those who fail but keep trying is genuine. Learning more about his job, he has borne down harder in areas where before, he thinks, he may have been lax. He has, for example, been tough on overeaters; he has suggested that if the fat doesn't roll the head will. He also refused special consideration to players who wanted to move away from their hotel, except those whose wives came South.

Often enough the consummate student of the game that Ted Williams is cannot be contained, and he will bubble over. One afternoon he stood behind the cage watching the hitters flail ineffectively at Darold Knowles, his brilliant left-hand relief pitcher. Knowles was in exceptional form his ball moved, it dipped; his slider, always alive, was murderous.

At first Williams began to laugh to himself, not aloud but way down so that it came out as more a wheeze than a laugh. His eyes actually teared with laughter, so impressed was he with the way Knowles was practicing his craft. Finally, he shouted, "Attababy, Darold," and broke out in a high "yip-yip-yip."

Certain Williams managerial tendencies can be charted. As a player, he was always eager; he could not wait to hit next. If he sees a lack there now, he reacts to it. One player last year talked about going to Hawaii and lying on the beach. He got traded to Minnesota instead. As a man who never made a big issue about contracts, Williams cannot abide the fanfare of extended negotiations. When Howard came in after another of his annual protracted discussions, Williams made it a point to leave the park before the scheduled press conference announcing Howard's capitulation.

The Senators' biggest meal ticket last year, Howard is cutting down on meals this spring.

Part of the unique ability he has to deal effectively with people becomes, boiled down, a matter of caring. He was impressed that Curt Flood made a beeline to him after calisthenics his first day in camp. They talked. "I'm glad you're here," he told Flood, "but, more important, I'm glad you're back in baseball. This is where you should be." After that they were often seen head to head, at the batting cage, on the dugout steps, talking hitting, Flood asking questions, Williams volunteering information.

He continues, as well, to give the press those little lessons in deportment they have come to expect in Washington. "That's better, George," he says "Always say, 'How are you this morning, Ted?' Show some interest. Be concerned. Why, the best I could get out of you guys the first two years was, 'Hi, Ted.'"

He can never quite resist applying the needle. One afternoon he was talking with a writer in his office before going out to where practice had already started, and for a time stood watching from the picture window. "Gee, I can see pretty good from here," he said.

"Yeah," said the writer. "You oughta try managing from the press box this year. Be surprised how much you can see from up there."

"You're probably right about that," said Williams, and then he smiled. "And think of the help I'd get."

Fascinating. Not to mention exciting. And preposterous. **END**

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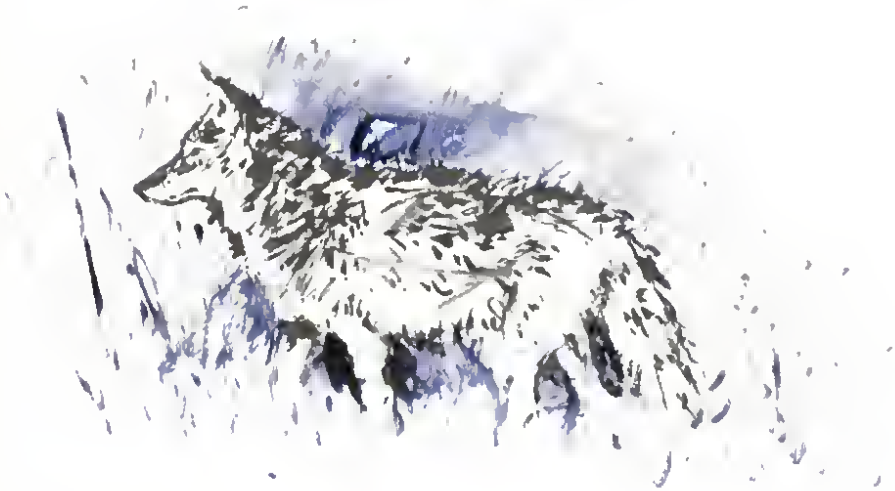
Poisoning of the West: Part 2

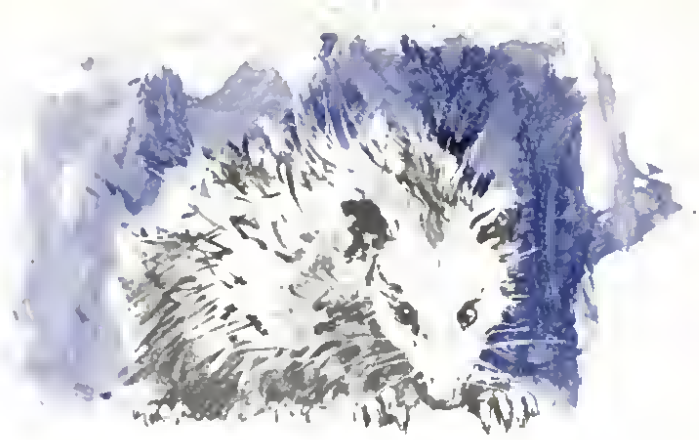
A LITTLE BIT GOES A LONG WAY

Especially a little 1080 or cyanide. And although the coyote is a main target of the Government's poisoning programs, when the body count is made a lot of victims turn out to be noncombatants ***by JACK OLSEN***

If the sincere conservationist is disturbed by the poison saturation of the American West by sheep ranchers, he may take some small comfort from the fact that such free-lance poisoning has been made illegal in a few states. Lamentably, the sheepmen's power remains so great that hardly any of these anti-poisoning laws are enforced, but at least they are on the books.

But what of the *public* poisoning Establishment, the official earth polluters, the men of the Wildlife Services division under the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, those dedicated public servants who preach about the wonders of wildlife and the wisdom of nature? To cite just one year—1963—these professional poisoners and trappers killed 90,000 coyotes, 300 mountain lions, 21,000 bobcats and lynx, 2,800 "red wolves," 800 bears, 24,000 foxes, 7,000 badgers, 19,000 skunks, 10,000 raccoons, 1,200 beavers, 7,600 opossums, 6,700 porcupines and





ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

600 others. (These figures, no longer readily available to the general public, do not include many other animals that dined at poison stations and staggered away to die untabulated.) Were all these deaths necessary? Were they ecologically justified? Or were they part of a runaway killing program that years ago lost its scientific justification and now rushes on like an unbraked train? Dr. Alfred Etter, a distinguished naturalist, has studied the federal poisoning program more closely than anyone, and his conclusions are not very encouraging.

One wintery night Etter lost his dog to poison, probably the supertoxic 1080. The angered biologist immediately set about a one-man investigation of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service poisoning policies in his own neighborhood, Pitkin County, Colo., which includes within its borders the popular resort of Aspen. His research turned up wholesale violations of almost every rule in the service's own book. "The infractions," Etter wrote later, "included placement of compound 1080 poison baits and cyanide guns on Bureau of Land Management and Forest Service lands without authorization, placement of guns on prime recreational land without notifying the owner, leaving of baits out over the summer season, failure to post warning signs, failure to keep accurate records and other equally serious offenses." Etter found that there was complete confusion within the Fish and Wildlife Service as to where its own poisons were located, and while his disclosures were being published in *Defenders of Wildlife News*, a hiker named Martin Carswell accidentally pulled a cyanide gun on Burnt Mountain near Aspen and escaped death by a fraction of an inch. Evidence indicated the gun had been set by a Government trapper. The gun had not been authorized by the U.S. Forest Service, which controlled the land in the area.

Etter was also angered by the desultory Fish and Wildlife investigation into his dog's death, an investigation which only accidentally turned up the fact that Etter's own township was studded with 1080 stations and poisonous gadgetry despite its proximity to Aspen. One result had been the drastic reduction of the area's coyote population (not to mention the area's pet dog population) and, as a result, the proliferation of malnourished and stunted deer, some 600 of them on 3½ miles of overgrazed winter range. Coyote getters, with the dye markings of the Fish and Wildlife Service, seemed to be as common as mushrooms in the township, and strychnine drop baits were being sown like seed. Etter wrote, "In a single county, one or more infractions of 10 different Wildlife

continued

Services ground rules were identified. These infractions related to both summer and winter operations and involved two different poisoners, a subdistrict supervisor, a state supervisor and, indirectly, a regional inspector."

But far more significant than the individual infractions was the pattern unearthed in Etter's own backyard by a man who was himself a field representative of the Defenders of Wildlife and a longtime thorn in the side of poisoners. "If there is one area of the United States where we might expect Wildlife Services to be on its good behavior, it should be in Pitkin County, Colo.," Etter wrote. "There are two reasons: first, because it is one of the most important recreational areas of the entire nation, and second, because I make my office there, and one of my projects is to study the federal predator-control program. Wildlife Services is well aware of this fact. If the agency cannot control what happens in this county, then the chances are excellent that it cannot control any part of its western killing campaign."

Anyone who makes the most cursory study of the toxification of the American West soon becomes accustomed to the sight of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's district field assistants (DFAs) sallying out on the attack every morning without the slightest regard for their own rules and regulations. But one also learns quickly that the rules and regulations of the service do not seem to have been intended seriously in the first place, that they exist largely for the purpose of camouflage and that DFAs and their supervisors honor them almost entirely in the breach.

Take, for example, the broadcasting of strychnine drop baits. Although strychnine kills less discriminantly than the fearsome 1080, the drop baits in which it is used are highly perishable in warm weather, making it a safer outdoor poison. But as though to counteract this safety factor, Government poisoners distribute strychnine drop baits everywhere. According to official records, over six million of the sugar-and-lard-coated pellets have been sown by Government trappers in the last 10 years. The baits are distributed by hand, by snowmobile, by pickup truck, by trail bike and by airplane. Along with the other millions of poison pills put out by private stockmen, they are annihilating animals and birds that were protected by natural conditions for thousands of decades. "When you spread strychnine across all that area in the winter, you might just as well forget wildlife," says a retired Government predator trapper, Charles Orlosky. "The only thing that'll survive is a few rodents in hibernation."

Characteristically, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has elaborate rules about the use of strychnine baits, and it displays them at the drop of a complaint so that the public may see how carefully such lethal agents are controlled. "Strychnine alkaloid tablets . . . must *not* be dropped from aircraft without the Regional Director's approval,' the rules state. "Care must be taken to prevent exposure of perishable baits to domestic animals, pets, and *beneficial wildlife*. All perishable bait placements must be covered with cow chips, flat stones, or similar loose material, or placed in such a manner as to reduce hazards to nontarget species."

But Government trappers would go into paroxysms of laughter if they were asked when they last positioned a drop bait under a cow chip or a flat stone. "They ain't enough cow flops in the whole West to cover all the baits," says a retired DFA.

One of the reasons Charles Orlosky resigned from his job as Government trapper in western Colorado was the aerial seeding of strychnine. "One day they called me up and told me to make 5,000 drop baits," Orlosky recalls. "They said they were gonna drop 'em from an airplane on national forest land. So I told 'em to go to hell. I said it's against regulations and I'm not gonna do it. They said not to worry, there was nothing but coyotes where they were gonna make the drop. I had to laugh. I asked if they ever heard of birds? Why, the second that one of those paper sacks of baits hits the ground it opens up and throws the strychnine balls all over, and the birds pick 'em up and finish the job of scattering. They call this selective poisoning. I call it extermination."

Lately, the Fish and Wildlife Service has been carrying out its extensive drop baiting on a sub-rosa basis to avoid public criticism. There hasn't been a significant embarrassment since a predator-control agent named Vern Tuttle was loading 1,500 drop baits into an airplane and one fell on the ground. Before Tuttle could intervene, his own dog gulped the bait down and died. The story was later printed in a Colorado newspaper, to the chagrin of the Fish and Wildlife Service.

The accidental misplacement of baits could be tragedy enough, but even more serious is the attitude reflected all too clearly by the poisoning methods, namely that neither Government nor private poisoners have the slightest intention of following the rules.

A Montana state senator named Arnold Rieder decided to test this theory. He introduced legislation that superficially seemed absurd, for it simply required the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to obey its own regulations as a matter of state law. Immediately a bulletin went out from the Montana Wool Growers Association to all members: "Senator Rieder of Jefferson County has introdueed Senate Bill 196, which places an unnecessary restriction on the use of poison for the control of predatory animals. We were unable to kill the bill in committee, and it has been reported out

with a due pass label. Passage of this bill would greatly restrict the use of poison for coyote control and would prohibit it in some cases. The senate will vote on the bill soon, and we need the support of your senator to kill the bill. Would you please wire him immediately. . . ." Said an amazed Rieder when his bill lost: "It would only have required them to follow their own rules!" With the Wool Growers Association working against him, he was defeated in the next election.

Says Alfred Etter: "The average Government poisoner may start out obeying the rules but soon he is spending all his time with sheepmen, and hearing their gory tales, and he changes from a predator-control agent into a plain old-fashioned hunter. The hunting instinct takes over completely, and from then on all he wants to do is exterminate."

One irony is that DFAs and their supervisors talk of being overworked, but press their attentions with supreme dedication on even the most reluctant ranchers, ones who insist predators have a place and who encourage their survival. Some poisoners do not hesitate to establish 1080 stations where they have neither sought nor received authorization, nor are they reluctant to lay out deadly baits in areas where sheep populations are nonexistent or negligible and predation all but unknown.

Every control meeting between poisoners and sheepmen begins and ends with the same admonition. "Be sure to keep the forest ranger and the public-land manager informed of your predator loss." Each time a district field assistant calls on a stockman, he reminds him of the need for statistics. The result of this monotonous reiteration is not surprising. The figures come in by the mile. Sheepmen, eager to publicize their troubles to the world, compile horrifying lists of losses, anticipated losses and possible losses. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service feeds the statistics into its computers and works up its programs accordingly. The result is a galloping Parkinsonism that would drive a privately financed organization out of business within months. Every year the reported stock losses rise, the Wildlife Services budget climbs proportionately and the population of larger wild animals sinks to a new low. With each drop in the populations, there is an increase in the efficiency of the poisoners and of the devices they employ.

The researcher who attempts a study of predator-control statistics is asking for a massive headache. If ever figures seemed to be manipulated to produce predetermined results, it is the figures of the Wildlife Services. For years the statisticians of the poisoning Establishment furnished summary reports on the total numbers of "predators" killed annually, but a few years ago they abandoned this practice as poor public relations and began emphasizing their reports on "resource losses"—as compiled from figures provided by those old reliables, the stockmen and trappers. Says Small Game Supervisor Robert Tully of the Colorado Department of Game, Fish and Parks: "I never did like the federal reporting system in the first place. They used to report that they took so many bears, so many coyotes, so many foxes, and then they'd report 'others.' Well, we wanted to know what 'others' were. Were they pine martens? Fishers? Where were they killed, and under what circumstances? Now they've switched to nothing but livestock losses. There are political implications in this. They don't want the public to know how many bears and lions they are taking. I think this should be a standard part of their reporting, and part of the public record. People contact us and want to know how many coyotes and bears and lions Fish and Wildlife killed, and Fish and Wildlife won't tell us. We have to put pressure on them and demand the figures. But how good are the figures when we get them? Some of the Government trappers do additional trapping after hours. They are paid by private landowners to take additional animals. These aren't reported in any manner, either on their reports to their agency or to us. And I'm talking about animals like bears and lions that under the law *must* be reported to us. So you have to conclude that Fish and Wildlife statistics don't mean a whole lot."

Under the system of reporting resource losses, new heights of statistical comedy have been scaled. In Arizona, stockmen listed $62,000 damage by predators in 1966 and $63,000 in 1967. In response to fervent appeals for more and better statistics, they doubled these figures in 1968, turning in loss reports of $126,000. In 1969 they more than doubled this new figure—to $271,000. The state supervisor of Wildlife Services reacted predictably to this news of horrifying loss. Extreme problems call for extreme measures, and the supervisor took one: he authorized the springtime use of 1080-baited carcasses for the first time in Arizona's history. Numerous studies of 1080 have warned against the use of this poison on summer ranges for predator control, because it fells many animals that would be hibernating in the winter. But apparently something had to be done about the stockmen's rising losses, and the supervisor sprang into action.

The situation brought to mind a statement by Charles Orlosky a few years earlier. "When I was trapping for the Government," Orlosky had said, "a lot of sportsman pressure built up over the

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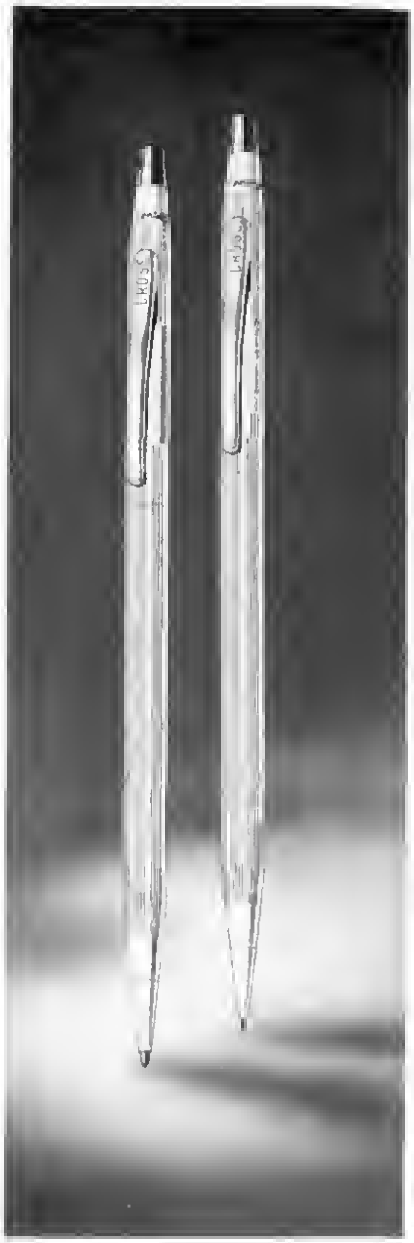

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trapping of bears. The sportsmen said we were taking too many, and so the service decided to show them how many bears were taking sheep. They sent out instructions to take out the stomach of every bear we trapped, tie it up, soak it in formaldehyde and send it into headquarters. My own boss, when he told me about this, said that I should be sure and put some wool in the stomach before I sealed it up. In that way there wouldn't be any doubt about what bears ate. They told trappers to do the same thing with coyotes. I couldn't go for that, so I never sent in any stomachs at all. But it wasn't surprising that all the reports came out showing that a high percentage of bears and coyotes were killers. The fellows that were honest wouldn't send the stomachs in, and those stomachs that were sent in mostly had wool in them. They're still quoting those old figures today."

Armed with such deliberate distortions, spokesmen for the federal poisoning program seek larger budgets from a misled Congress, and the end result is fiscal irresponsibility on an imposing scale. In Colorado, the annual Wildlife Services kill dropped 20%, from 10,200 wild animals in 1967 to 8,200 wild animals in 1970, while the budget was rising by $30,000. In 18 national forests in California, the value of sheep lost in 1962 was $3,500 and the cost of federal predator-control programs a walloping $90,000.

But the Wildlife Services does not deal exclusively in the extermination of predators; it also puts out tons of 1080-treated grain and other poisons to kill off the rodents that seem to be gaining the upper paw in the West. It is difficult to imagine a more fertile area for bureaucratitis than the rodent-predator cycle. As Constance Helmericks wrote in *Defenders of Wildlife News*: "The coyote-rodent cycle is perhaps the real mainstay of the extermination business. When properly exploited, this cycle can be exceedingly productive for a self-perpetuating bureaucracy. If you poison a great many coyotes this year, you sow your own harvest of lovely rodent and rabbit colonies for the next year, or soon thereafter."

U.S. Representative John Dingell of Michigan told a witness at a congressional inquiry: "You folks in the Interior Department have had some instances where you cleaned out the coyotes very thoroughly in the area and followed up the next year by being overrun with rodents and then had to conduct a fairly extensive rodent program to bring the population back into balance." By no means could the instances cited by Dingell be considered exceptional. The West abounds in rangelands where rodents have moved into the ecological vacuum left by the annihilation of predators, and the Government poisoners are thus kept busy exterminating the rodents and thereby accidentally poisoning any furbearers that might wander back into the area. Nor is there anything new about this peculiar procedure. Seven years ago a committee of distinguished wildlife scientists appointed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall to examine the predator-control program observed, "It is curious that [Wildlife Services] will distribute great quantities of 1080-treated grain . . . in exactly the same areas where they take elaborate precautions in their predator-control program to protect carnivores other than the target species. . . . In many regions of the Western United States where there are no sheep and where coyote damage is negligible, the coyote nevertheless has been essentially extirpated from treated areas as a secondary result of rodent-control programs. In addition to coyotes and badgers, uncounted numbers of bears, foxes, raccoons, skunks, opossums, eagles, hawks, owls and vultures are exposed to possible secondary poisoning in these programs."

Carried away by the vigorous poisoning operations, DFAs and their programmers seem to lose their perspective about the delicate checks and balances of nature and they settle down to the single-minded task of killing predators, *any* predators, all predators, without the slightest regard for the total biological picture.

"Not long ago," Dr. Etter recently wrote, "I found a line of coyote guns along a fence line drifted with sand blown from an adjacent field of watermelons. In these drifts the kangaroo rats had found the habitat they desired. The coyotes thrived on the rats, and the poisoners thrived on the coyotes while justifying their scheme by claiming to protect the watermelons from the coyotes. Meanwhile the watermelons lay rotting in the field, being largely unharvested because of their small size. The official

continued

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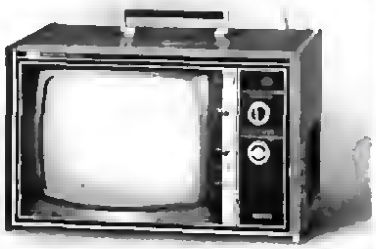
CNU-890 (18" diagonal picture)



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report of this campaign would no doubt read: 'Coyotes are attacking melons and causing serious losses.'" Etter also wrote: "One of the most distressing evidences of Wildlife Services' lack of sensitivity to the environment is its continued operation in areas where land has been heavily overgrazed and eroded. Countless observations have been made throughout the Western states of this unfortunate practice. These lands should not have livestock on them, much less poison. For example, foxes are killed in large numbers on ruined sandy lands in West Texas and New Mexico where rodents abound and where livestock search vainly for feed. While the federal control program spends money to perpetuate a ruinous agriculture, ranching losses are used as a tax deduction from vast income from oil and gas derived from the same property." Sometimes, it seems, only the taxpayer loses, only the environment suffers.

To perpetuate such programs and justify their high budgets and sprawling hierarchy of personnel, Wildlife Services spends some of its annual $7 million budget on public relations, on newsletters and on publications aimed at exposing the predator menace. But the best public-relations agent in the poisoning business—as in almost any business—is the man in the field, the DFA who meets the public and solves problems and gets the midnight telephone calls from customers. These Government poisoners have a product to sell, and a large proportion of their working and nonworking hours are spent selling it, to the dismay of conservationists.

"There is no justification for promotion of predator control by federal employees, least of all those who depend upon this activity for their support," Alfred Etter testified before a U.S. Congressional hearing in 1966. "The demands already exceed the needs."

The five scientists of the U.S. Department of the Interior's study committee came to the same conclusion. "Too often [Wildlife Services] support and encourage control decisions without critical appraisal," their report noted. "At times they are known to solicit requests for control and to propagandize against predators as a basis for such solicitation."

Former Government Trapper Paul Maxwell put it forcefully: "Every damn one of those trappers is a Fuller Brush

continued

Quick. When was the last time you changed your motor oil?

Have you ever looked at your service sticker and found it to be so old you really couldn't tell when you last had your oil changed?

Well, don't feel bad. You're not alone.

Matter of fact, you've got lots of company. Because most people never get around to changing their motor oil when they should.

That's why there's race-proved Valvoline.® The motor oil the pros count on.

And the one that's a lot better than it really has to be.

Valvoline is a unique blend of the finest components specifically designed to work harder, longer.

To give you added protection beyond recommended drain intervals.

Naturally, we recommend changing your motor oil at the proper time.

But should you forget (and even if you don't), you'll be glad you remembered Valvoline.

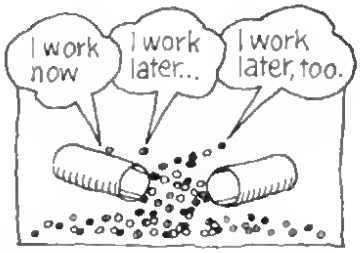
Available at fine service stations, garages and new car dealers everywhere.

Now then. Maybe you'd better go out and take a look at your service sticker.

For people who don't always remember to change their motor oil.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Ashland, Ky. Ashland, Division of Ashland Oil, Inc.

English Leather Plus. The anti-perspirant that works like those cold capsules.



You know of course how those famous cold capsules work. Lots of tiny time beads give you three times longer relief.

Well that's the same idea behind new English Leather® Plus. And there's not another anti-perspirant like it.

Until now, anti perspirants only had one time release action — in the anti-perspirant.

But English Leather Plus has three:

1. A time-release anti-perspirant.
2. A time-release deodorant.
3. A time-release fragrance.

When you first spray on Plus, it works like any good anti-perspirant. It keeps you dry, comfortable, and scented with that great English Leather aroma. Safe from wetness and body odor.

Then, just when other deodorants begin to weaken, Plus comes on strong. At this crucial time—after a long day, and when your body needs it most—Plus releases another booster of deodorant protection and fresh English Leather fragrance.

Zap!

Automatically you have renewed protection against body odor.

That's why Plus keeps you dry and smelling good for a long, long time.

And keeping dry, don't forget, is one way of not catching cold.

PRODUCT OF MEM CO. INC. NORTH VALE, N.J. © 1971

man selling poison. The whole predator-control operation is nothing but a sales pitch by the Federal Government to keep that bunch off the headlines, to keep them out in the sunshine hunting and shooting and poisoning and enjoying themselves at the public expense."

Some would agree with Maxwell, but it is an oversimplification to indict the federal trappers personally. In many ways, their reactions are very human—and very American. They have thrown themselves into their work, and they have come to look on it as the most important task in the world. For the most part they are uncomplicated, outdoors-loving men. They are not conversant with ecological principles. They suffer from the same insecurities as the rest of us. They have mortgage payments to meet, children to put through school, old age to anticipate. Like many other Americans, they are struggling to get even, to get ahead, and then to stay ahead for good, and such an existence leaves little time for the study of subtle biological processes. There are too many coyotes to be killed, too many sheepmen to be placated and too many stockmen clear on the other side of the state who need to be sold on the program.

Thus the problem of the overmotivated poisoning proselytizer is not so much that he is intentionally engaged in a giant confidence game but that he has fallen for his own propaganda and is striving with the zeal of a missionary to bring others under his spell. Nonetheless, his missionary zeal and his enthusiastic drive are having deleterious effects on the environment. His insecurities are endangering future generations, both wild animal and human.

How long will the poisoners be permitted to rush blindly ahead? Until all the wild animals are gone? Or 75% of them? One recalls the comment of a Colorado Wildlife Conservation officer, Louis Vidakovich, who is watching the tragic performance from his front-row center seat: "There will be a day of reckoning. All that they are doing will collapse on them. I just hope there is some game left for us to manage."

NEXT WEEK

If mass poisoning was stopped, would predators take over? An appraisal of how sheep and coyotes can both live on this land

THE NEW TOYOTA COROLLA has no reason to be afraid of heights. This year it's almost ten inches longer than it was last year. (161.4 inches long.) So even six footers can stretch out. And almost two inches wider. (59.3 inches wide.) So four good-sized people can expect no battles with leg cramps or arm cramps or neck cramps.

All this room is nice. But the Corolla's $1798* price includes much more than space.

It includes a stylish body. Front fender sidelights neatly tucked into a wrap-around grill. Two air scoops at the windshield. Larger taillights.

It includes things to help keep the car around long past its time. Four coats of paint. An undersealed chassis to drive away rust and corrosion. A frame and body welded into one piece. And a five-main-bearing engine.

It includes luxury and convenience items. White sidewall tires. Tinted glass. Thick snap-down nylon carpets. Fully reclining bucket seats. All-vinyl interior. Glove box. And a recessed rear parcel shelf for more storage area.

It includes a 73 horsepower engine that cruises at 78 mph. Yet still squeezes about 28 miles from each gallon of gas.

And it includes a sealed lubrication system. So the chassis never has to be greased.

It doesn't include air conditioning or automatic transmission or AM/FM radio or stereo tape deck. They're extra. (Oh well, you can't have everything.)

By now, it should be obvious that $1798 gets you plenty. Even if you're six feet tall.

Seven feet. That's another story.

TOYOTA

We're quality oriented

Most cars under $1800 are for people under six feet.

$1798 $1918 $1955

IN SPAIN THEY SAY SKI, SKI

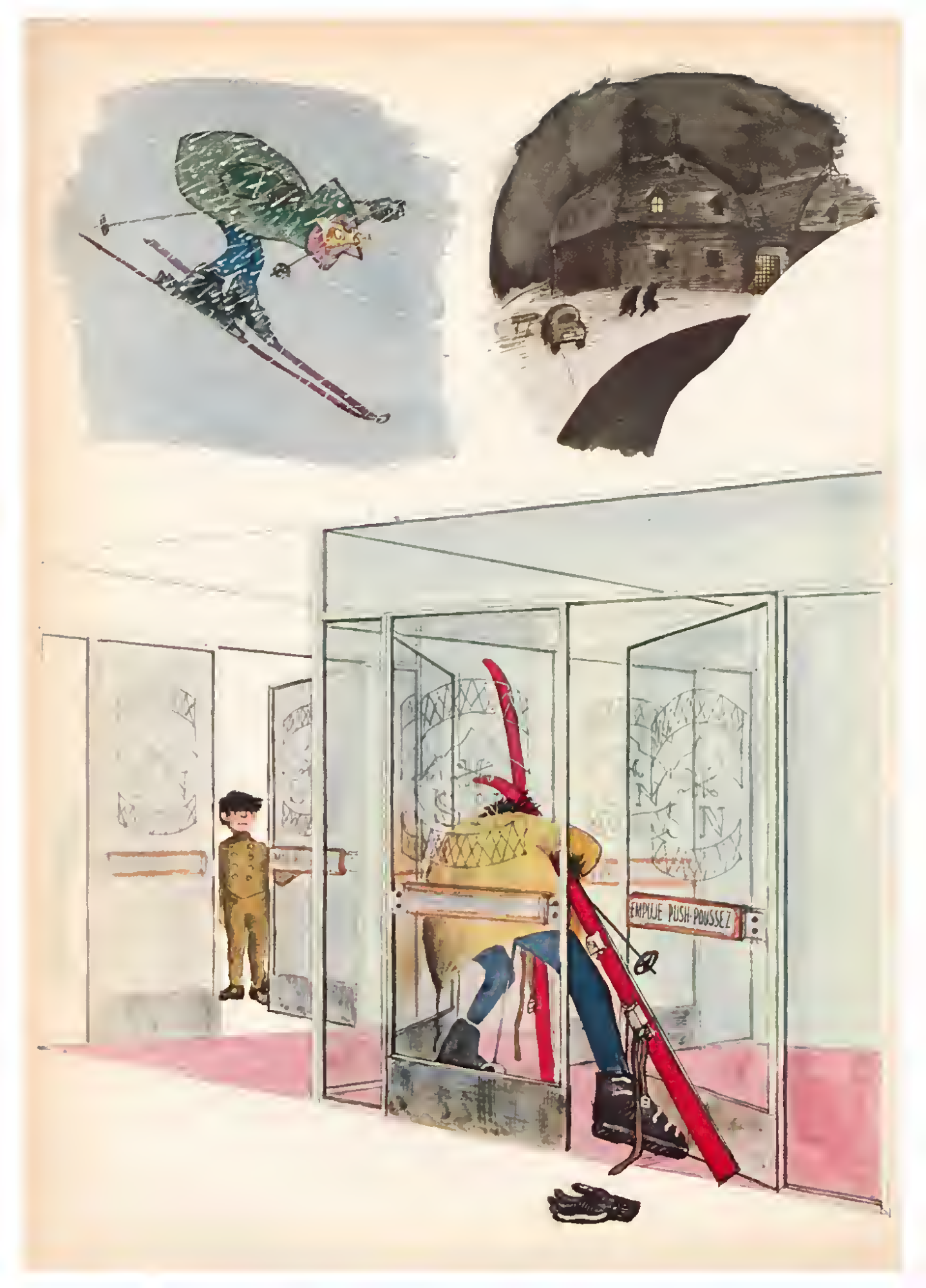
What impartant thing did Queen Isabello da for winter sparts in 1492? Answer: she threw the lost Moorish king out af Gronada so people like Artist Marc Simont could ski there and happily decorote these and the next three pages with drowings of Salynieve, o Spanish ski spo

FREEZE, GYPSIES

The caves of Andalusia's mountains are popular but chilly bistros for the ski set, who huddle over glasses of sherry in full ski regalia to watch Gypsy dancers cavort in cold-weather gear. The Pradollano restaurant (left) is a favorite of both Sierra Nevada skiers and local Spanish hard hats.

CREDIBILITY GAP

Skiers lounge among concrete forms at Borreguiles, where work on a modern ski village at 8,528 feet in Solynieve (sun and snow)—is five years behind schedule, though brochures show it finished. Skiers used to timbered U.S. slopes are dazzled by the unbroken expanses of snow.


EMPUJE PUSH·POUSSEZ

ANDALUSIANA

Sudden [illegible] may [illegible] loud the unwary [illegible] Nevada skier. Alburquerque Maya de la Mora is the [illegible] preserve of members of an influential Catholic organization.

The botones (bellboys) of the Hotel [illegible] y Nieve get their kicks holding open the last of three glass doors while watching fully laden skiers fight their way through the first two.

Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Curtis Veasey, Chief Skycap. Friendly, efficient, knowledgeable, dependable. In 20 years he's helped about a million passengers, making each one feel like the only one. Exemplifies Delta service. A real pro.

Delta is ready when you are.

THE PRO WHO RUNS THE TOUR

Jack Tuthill, the PGA's tournament director, is a cool-headed ex-FBI agent who week after week acts as a combination law enforcer, psychiatrist and comforting friend to golf's big names ***by WALTER BINGHAM***

Did you happen to see Arnold Palmer sink that putt in his playoff with Raymond Floyd to win the Bob Hope Desert Classic a few weeks ago? And did you watch the ceremonies on the 18th green shortly afterward? Then perhaps you remember that while Hope was talking, surrounded by Palmer, Vice-President Agnew and other notables, there was a commotion that the television camera picked up briefly before turning away to focus instead on some golf fans strolling the fairways. Ten seconds later the camera was back on Hope and all was calm. Well, not entirely.

Let Jack Tuthill explain what happened: "I had just returned from the 15th, the first playoff hole," says Tuthill, "when the first thing I knew this guy comes running out of the crowd onto the green, swinging a putter and yelling. I was standing about 20 feet away from the Vice-President, and the guy had to pass me to get to him. I can't recall thinking anything. All I know for sure is I hit him first with my shoulder. I'm not certain I hit him with my hands, but I probably did—a chop in the throat, most likely. He just sort of went limp, and once he was on the ground he didn't fight."

So there you are, another routine day in the life of Jack Tuthill, the PGA's tournament director, a former FBI agent—as you might guess—who serves as traffic cop, Boy Scout leader and father confessor to the Palmers, Nicklauses and Caspers, as well as to the McGees, Brasks and Hoopers. In brief, Tuthill is in charge of everything connected with the pro tour, and he is responsible only to Commissioner Joe Dey in New York.

Protecting Vice-Presidents, comedians and Arnold Palmer is just one of his duties. Another is interpreting golf's sometimes confusing rules. One such case occurred at the Hope tournament when Dave Hill hit his ball into a palm tree. Or did he? Tuthill was at the Bermuda Dunes course when he received a message over his walkie-talkie from an assistant in the press room: a spectator had just telephoned to say that he thought Hill had taken an illegal drop during his round at Indian Wells, another of the four courses used during the far-flung competition. "He was just a man interested in golf who knows the rules pretty well," Tuthill says. "We get observations like that every once in a while, especially on courses with palm trees."

Tuthill radioed Jack Stirling, one of his assistants at Indian Wells, and Stirling phoned Hill to learn his version of the incident. Which was this: Hill, playing a Titleist 2, hit his ball into a palm tree, where it stayed. Hill established to his own satisfaction that the ball he saw in the tree was his—although Byron Nelson says if you shake a palm tree on a golf course you're liable to have half a dozen Titleist 2s drop out—so he declared an unplayable lie, took a drop and a one-stroke penalty. Now, if Hill had climbed the tree and positively identified his ball, his decision would have been correct. Otherwise, he should have called it a lost ball, which carries a two-stroke penalty. Alas, Hill finished his round and signed a scorecard that reflected the incorrect one-stroke penalty. Golf's rules can be harsh. When Tuthill learned all the facts, it was his unpleas-

TECHNICAL KNOCKOUT was scored by Tuthill (*right*) when an intruder disrupted Palmer-Hope-Agnew ceremony at Palm Springs

ant duty to tell Dave Hill that he had been disqualified.

More routinely, Tuthill is also in charge of checking the course where a tournament is being played to see that it is well roped and that its hazards have been properly defined, deciding each day where the holes should be cut on the greens, arranging the day's pairings and starting times, seeing that those pairings tee off on time and that play proceeds without too many slowdowns. Slow play is a constant problem on the tour, where 4½ hours is considered the acceptable maximum for a round, and it is within Tuthill's powers to levy a two-stroke penalty on any golfer judged to have played too slowly. It is Tuthill, too, who supervises the money distribution following the final round on Sunday, letting the sponsors of the tournament know who gets money and how much. No player can cash a personal check at a tournament site without Tuthill's initials, or those of one of his nine assistants.

Unofficially, Tuthill is also expected to be a fountain of information. Hey, Jack, what are the dates of Memphis this year? Is Tucson going to be held at that same course? Did they change the 11th hole? If I fail to qualify for the Hope, am I automatically in the satellite tournament? Does any airline fly direct from Monterey to Phoenix? Where's the best place to stay in Jacksonville? There are also a few "Is it true what happened to George last night?" questions, and chances are Tuthill will know the answer to these, too. There is very little that happens on the tour that Jack Tuthill doesn't find out about.

Every morning about an hour before the first pairing tees off, which can be as early as 7 o'clock, Tuthill meets with his staff in whatever facilities the club has provided for him as an office (at the Los Angeles Open this year it was the ladies' locker room). All nine assistants are not present; one is at the site of next week's tournament and one is two weeks ahead. Tuthill takes a pairings sheet and studies it.

TUTHILL'S WALKIE-TALKIE KEEPS HIM IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH A BEVY OF AIDES

"Look out for that 9:08 group," he says. "Geiberger, Schroeder and Payne. There's some slow players there." He moves through the list, pointing out other trouble spots. Then he asks one of his assistants to check all 18 greens. If it is a winter event, the cups will have been placed the evening before, rather than in the morning, for the simple reason that the greens are often frozen in the morning. Vandalism is a major problem. Greens are often scarred. Cups are filled with cement, or stepped on so that the edges are bent. Tee markers are stolen for souvenirs. It is not unusual for a marker to be swiped during a round. At one tournament, when Tuthill learned via walkie-talkie that some tee markers had been stolen, his solution was swift and simple. "Estimate where they were," he said, "then find a couple of empty beer cans and use them."

There are minor details to be taken care of at the meeting. The scorer's table at 18 is still too close to the green. Have it moved back behind the grandstand. And the cups on 15 through 18 should be painted white so they will show up better on television.

This done, Tuthill wanders out across

continued

the practice putting green, perhaps pausing to say a few words to a couple of players, then goes over to make sure the field tees off on time. There is a ritual to teeing off that never varies, and Tuthill has become a part of it. Eight minutes or so before they are scheduled to start, the players push through the crowd surrounding the 1st tee, duck under the ropes and walk up to the candy-striped tent that is always there. They gather up some tees, read the messages of the day—"Don't forget to pay your PGA dues" or, "You get a free lift from the drainage ditch at 13"—and are given their official scorecards with their names typed across the top. Inevitably, there is coffee and Danish, but the players rarely accept any. Instead, they wander over and have a few words with Jack Tuthill.

"It's just idle talk," says Tuthill. "Half the time I don't think they even know what they're saying. It's just something to relieve the tension. That's especially true of the leaders on Sunday."

The field goes off without a hitch. Over the walkie-talkie comes a voice from the 10th tee. "Moody wants to know if they can start a few minutes early." Tuthill chuckles. "Orville wants to get away from the Palmer gallery that will be right behind him," he says to the side, and then, over the walkie-talkie, "Tell him no."

When the golfers are all off, Tuthill gets a cart with a TPD—Tournament Players Division—sticker and roams the course. His aides do likewise. They are available for rulings, of course, but mostly they keep a check on play, making sure no pairing falls behind. The mere presence of an official, especially Tuthill, hurries a player along. "Yeah, I know," says Tommy Jacobs, spotting Tuthill. "Hurry it up, hurry it up."

Tuthill will spend the rest of the day driving the cart between the course and his office. He is at the outermost corner of the course at the L.A. Open when a message comes through to call Wade Cagle at Pebble Beach. Urgent. Tuthill comes in, phones and hears that Cagle, his advance man at the Crosby, is having a problem with old Bing himself. Crosby, it seems, is objecting to roping off the three courses. "Did you tell him it was in the contract?" Tuthill asks. It is a delicate matter. "You don't even know if it's Crosby you're dealing with," Tuthill says after hanging up. "It may be one of his guys using the pressure of Crosby's name." Tuthill puts in a call to Joe Dey in New York.

CHECKING ON PLAY, TUTHILL TURNS HIS GOLF CART INTO A COMMAND POST

Little pressures that test Tuthill and his staff pop up all the time. Midway through the final round at L.A., it was conceivable that the tournament might end in an eight-way tie. Eventually it boiled down to three players—Bob Lunn, Billy Casper and Art Wall—and then two when Wall three-putted the 18th. Because the tournament was being carried on national television, Tuthill was anxious to start the playoff as soon as possible. By walkie-talkie, as he followed the leaders through the final holes, he ordered two station wagons to be on hand to carry the golfers back out to the 15th tee, where the playoffs would begin. He made sure there were marshals along the last holes and that the greenkeepers had not started to pull pins, on the assumption that the tournament was over.

When Lunn and Casper had finished, they were whisked away to the 15th, Tuthill sitting beside Casper. Television would have loved to start the playoff right then, but Tuthill would not give the go-ahead. Lee Trevino, playing the 17th, was two strokes behind and still had a chance to tie. So everyone waited. Word came in that Trevino had failed to birdie the 17th, but still Tuthill refused to begin the playoff. "He could hole out his second shot at 18," he said. Television squirmed. Finally the news arrived that Trevino could not tie, and the playoff started, with more complications. Spectators overran the course and kids tried to make circus catches of Lunn's and Casper's approach shots.

"The marshaling broke down," Tuthill said later. "The marshalls became spectators themselves. It was about as bad a scene as I've experienced since I've been with the tour."

Tuthill has been on the tour for 10 years. He is 46, and his appearance is just what it should be—honest, aggressive, dependable. He is definitely a no-nonsense guy. Even his words have a sharp bite to them, coming out of the side of his mouth in a New York ac-

cent. Tuthill was raised on Long Island, joined the U.S. Navy in World War II, became a medical corpsman with the Marines and went in with the fourth wave at Iwo Jima. After his discharge he took a crack at professional baseball. He played part of one season for Eau Claire in the Class C Northern League, and his record can be found in the *1948 Baseball Guide*: John Tuthill—AB 158, Hits 36, Ave. .228. "I could field pretty good, but I couldn't hit," he says.

So Tuthill finished his education instead, graduating from Cortland Teachers in 1948 and taking his master's in physical education at Ithaca College the following year. For the next two years he worked in the New York State Labor Department, then as an FBI agent and finally as a special agent at Republic Aviation on Long Island. It was this last job that gave him *time to play* golf—Tuthill's game is as good as that of some of the touring pros—and brought him into contact with a professional golfer named Dick Stranahan. In 1960 Stranahan learned that Ed Carter, who ran the PGA tour, was looking for an assistant. Who could be better than a former FBI agent who shoots sub-par golf? Tuthill got the job, and in 1964 became tournament director himself.

In the years since, Tuthill has seen the tour change from a way for a golfer to make a living into a way to make a fortune. When he joined the PGA staff few tournaments were televised, a $100,000 event was a big deal and the Army was just being mustered. "It seems like it used to be friendlier," Tuthill says. "We even had corn roasts in the summer—guys like Doug Ford, Johnny Pott, Dave Marr and Tommy Jacobs. That crowd."

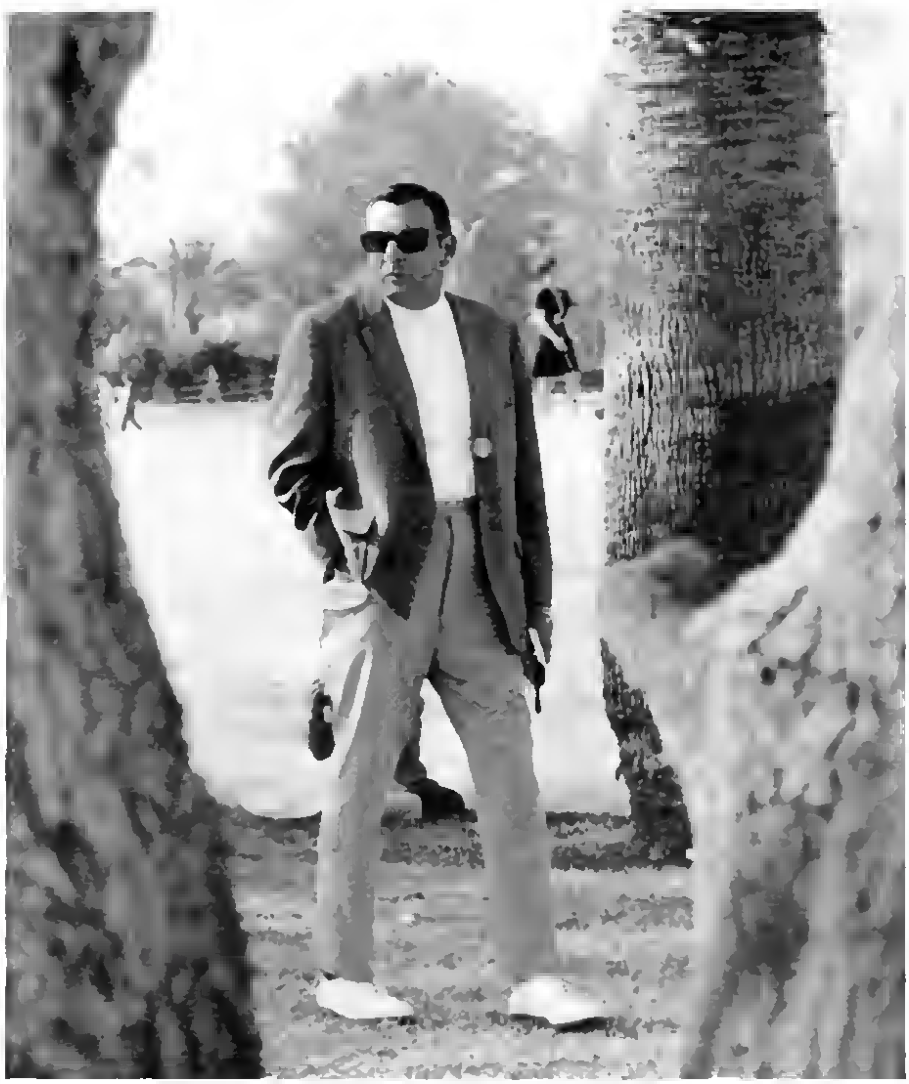
This year his wife Dorothy is not traveling with him all the time, since their daughter J.C. has reached school age. He will see them when the tour reaches Pensacola, Fla., his home, and they will travel with him this summer, but for the time being he must drive from tournament to tournament and motel to motel alone. He no longer flies. Ever since 1944, when he spent 24 straight hours in a landing craft and got so miserably sick that he ruptured blood vessels in his stomach, he has been prone to airsickness. He is also slightly claustrophobic. So he drives, which is more practical for him anyway since he carries his office around with him.

It is a long work year—265 days on, 100 off—and when he is on the tour he is expected to put in a seven-day week, for there is qualifying for nonexempt players on Monday, practice rounds Tuesday, a pro-am Wednesday and the tournament itself Thursday through Sunday. For this, Tuthill is paid about $35,000 a year, or approximately as much as the 66th man on last year's money-winning list.

On Sunday evening Tuthill is back in his motel room, relaxing over a drink. Ordinarily, he will have answered dozens of questions during the day. Why had Palmer been assessed a two-stroke penalty, a fan wanted to know. Because when Arnie moved a beer can against which his ball had come to rest, the ball had rolled a few inches and Palmer had failed to return it to its original position. What shape are the greens in, Tom Shaw asked. Oh, said Tuthill, some are round and others are square.

Now, in his motel room, he and Ed Griffiths, one of his assistants, talk about the tour and its problems. "Some of the rounds today took more than five hours," Griffiths says. "We're just going to have to nail somebody with a two-stroke penalty. Shake them all up."

Tuthill nods and yawns. Another tournament would start in a couple of days, but before it did he had to drive up to Pebble Beach and have a little talk with Bing Crosby about ropes. **END**



JUST THE SIGHT OF TUTHILL ON THE PROWL TENDS TO SPEED UP SLOW PLAYERS

◉ The staid old Firearms Lobby of America is an outfit that is 1) against gun-control legislation and 2) takes itself too seriously. Sure enough, the lobby is outraged by a challenge issued by the Friends of Animals, a group led by such ladies as **Lauren Bacall, Ali MacGraw** and **Patrice Munsel**. The women want the men to "stop trying to prove their manhood through maiming or occasionally killing helpless animals because they fail on better proving grounds like a boudoir." Wow. And as if that were not enough, the ladies issued handbills reading, "Hunters, make it dear, not deer. Will you? Won't you? Can't you?"

So what do the firearm fellas do? They call it a diabolical scheme and propose to fight it in court. In *court*. Of all the dull places to fight a case like this.

"This guy just suggested it," **Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder** says modestly of a report that he had been asked to try out for a role in *The Godfather*. Hmm. Will he be billed as **Jimmy (The Sicilian) Snyder?**

It seems two female members of the Maryland state legislature, **Lena K. Lee** and **Hildegarde Boswell**, have introduced a bill to make marriage a three-year contract, with an option to renew. Sounds O.K. as far as it goes. Maybe they should consider compulsory spring training, too. It would probably do a lot for the game.

A Few Footnotes:

In Houston the Oilers welcomed new Coach **Ed Hughes** by rushing to outfit him in cowboy clothes so he would no longer look like, you should excuse the term, an Easterner. Hughes loved it. "I lost 20 pounds just trying on boots," he said.

Then comes the report that Broadcaster **Lindsey Nelson** has made it back from Timbuktu alive, presumably thanks to sleeping in his boots. "Scorpions like to get into shoes at night," a local doctor warned him.

Which may explain another report, the one from England, that **Marlon Brando** *tried* to play the nude love scene in his latest movie wearing his Wellington boots. Of course, England isn't exactly overrun by scorpions—perhaps Marlon is just shy.

And finally there is Oriole Catcher **Clay Dalrymple**, who claims that his feet "still have the smell of champagne from last year on them." We'll take your word for it, Clay.

Maybe all the snappy award names were taken or something, but the Hamms Beer folks have a dandy. They presented Detroit Lion **Mike Lucci** their True Grit trophy and accompanied it with a quote from Coach **Joe Schmidt** that Lucci "showed an unusual amount of the gutty quality called True Grit." Swell. That leaves just one trophy to go, the one for the athlete displaying the grittiest quality of True Gut.

This Week's Effete Easterner Is . . .

The Manhattan adman who wrote a letter to the Jackson Hole, Wyo. ski area and led off with the greeting, "Dear Mr. Hole . . ."

It was bound to happen, and it was bound to happen in England: there is a bird over there that is watching people. The London *Daily Express* reports that a pheasant named **Charlie** "sits in **Joseph Loades**' garden studying Loades and Mrs. Loades and their son Ivan." All of them are bird watchers, and at first they thought this was pretty funny. Now they can't open a window without the pheasant zooming over to peck them. If Mrs. L. wants to hang the wash she has to throw corn out the front door and run out the back before Charlie finishes it up. When the family wants to go for a drive the bird stands defiantly in front of the car. ("The trick," says Loades, "is to reverse. Charlie rushes around the back—then we switch into first gear and escape.")

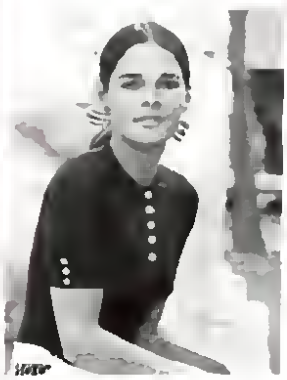
Loades is treasurer of the Norfolk Naturalist Trust and feels that he can't just have a go at Charlie with a shotgun. "It would not look right." Still, at press time Charlie was mysteriously missing. He is either off somewhere watching more people or else the Loades had him in the house. For dinner.

This week's Nothing-in-His-Life-Became-Him-Like-the-Leaving-of-It Award goes to **Ron Godfrey**, who has retired as Miami's basketball coach. "I hope," Ron said, "that my resignation will help to improve the basketball program."

Things are never dull in Durango. Here comes **Dean Martin**, filming a Western to be called *Something Big* in which he plays a lovable renegade bandit (as opposed to a lovable Establishment bandit?) who is searching for a woman to swap for a Gatling gun. The script also involves a horse with a mouth full of gold, played by Martin's own horse, **Tops**. Turns out no other metal can be substituted for gold in a case like this, so a Durango vet fitted Tops with gold caps. Now every night after filming, Tops' gold mouth is removed and deposited in the local bank for safekeeping, just in case he should swallow it. Also in case of bandits. Not lovable renegades, just plain, old-fashioned bandits, who still hang out in the Durango hills. After all, Tops would be a real temptation—sort of horse-thieving and robbing the stage, all in one.

And for our second horsy exclusive here comes Actor **Dustin Hoffman**, showing off his horsemanship in *Little Big Man*. Forget it. It turns out that the horse was stuffed.

Good night to you from Hollywood.



INTRODUCING THE RONSON 1000XL

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The gleaming black cover protects the cutting system and incorporates a handy flip-up unbreakable mirror. The storage compartment holds the coil cord and cleaning brush.

THIS IS THE HEART OF IT

The finest, most advanced shaving instrument yet devised. Featuring

36 stainless steel blades precision honed

Micro-thin stainless steel shaving screen for the Closest, Fastest shave with the Lightest touch of all

Ronson "Super-Trim" with exclusive new slide control engagement.

Quiet, powerful motor lifetime lubricated. 110 V (AC only) 60 cycle.

Rugged, unbreakable body smartly textured

Automatic power cleaning shakes whiskers loose in seconds

THIS IS THE LOOK OF IT

...AND THIS IS ALL OF IT

The Ronson 1000 XL comes handsomely gift-packaged with two valuable extras:

Replacement Cutter Kit. Snaps in at home in seconds. Keeps shaver "factory new" and with you! Kit replaces both cutting surfaces—*not just the blades.* Includes shaving screen and 36-blade cutter to provide all new stainless steel cutting surfaces.

Handy Wall Bracket. Easy to install.

Ask for a demonstration of the new Ronson 1000 XL at your dealer's, today.

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DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

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Consciousness is strictly ESP at New Orleans, where the Greenes can clearly see victory in advance

MASTER OF THE GRIMACE, COACH GREENE STARES UP A HOME-COURT ADVANTAGE

By the shores of Lake Pontchartrain and in the shadow of the Bali Hai eatery lies the New Orleans campus of Louisiana State University. This weekend LSUNO (the students adamantly prefer UNO, as in University of New Orleans) enters the first round of the NCAA College Division basketball tournament. It is the nation's No. 1 team, an assertion that surprises many and which some absolutely refuse to accept. But among the undaunted is Arlene Greene, whose biggest concern is how, in the Privateers' next to last game, after 22 wins, did her team finally lose. Otherwise, the season has gone just the way her premonition said it would.

Arlene is the wife of Privateers' Coach Ron Greene. Only three years ago he started the basketball team with an assortment of intramural ragamuffins, the best of whom were given a pair of $250 scholarships donated by the Student Government Association and Phi Kappa Theta fraternity. Last season was the school's first full one in intercollegiate competition. Its record was 18-5. As this season began Arlene Greene woke up from a dead sleep predicting 24-0. Although that is not quite what happened, it was close enough for Mrs. Greene's Delphian qualities to bear noting.

"It's really scary at times," she said recently, as the team practiced in the cramped, ringing gymnasium, referred to by the faithful as the House of Horrors. "I once dreamed our dog was run over and the next day it was. Ron and I were talking about his grandmother one night and the fact that she was in such good health. But I mentioned that she probably wouldn't live much longer, and a few days later the phone rang and we were told she had just died. And there is what happened the other day on the school playground where I teach. phys ed: It was over 70 degrees outside but I asked someone to bring me my blue coat. Right after I got it, one of the students fell and broke his arm. When he said he thought he was going to pass out I gave him a whiff of smelling salts. They had been in the coat pocket."

Mrs. Greene may know what is going to happen but she is as confused as opposing coaches in explaining why her husband's teams are so successful. Not all the coaches, in fact, believe the Privateers are that good. While Bill Foster, whose UNC-Charlotte team lost to both LSUNO and major college independent Georgia Tech, rated the Privateers better, Van Washer of Samford, following a 22-point loss to Greene's team and an 18-point defeat by Loyola of New Orleans, said, "LSUNO is the best of the 13 small-college teams we've played this year, but they're in a different league from Loyola. There's no comparison."

The judgment angered Greene considerably, especially since he was fired from Loyola five years ago. "I should have left the dogs in all the way," he said, "and we would have scored 150 instead of 121."

Greene says he does not know why the Jesuit fathers cast him out. "My first year we won 11 of our first 12, beat Michigan State and everything seemed great. Then I had to dismiss four of the players—two starters and the two top reserves—because they got drunk in the school cafeteria. After that we had nothing left."

Greene left Loyola with a two-year record of 23-24 and the intention of returning to his native Midwest.

"I hoped I could find an assistant's job in Ohio or Indiana," he says. "Then Tom Nissalke, who at the time was an assistant at Tulane, suggested that I apply for the LSUNO job, which had just been created. Frankly, I wasn't at all

interested, but I went there anyway."

Though LSUNO is 13 years old and has 11,500 students—it ranks as the state's second largest and fastest-growing university—Chancellor Homer L. Hitt was slow to plunge into intercollegiate athletics.

"Other university presidents used to congratulate me for not having to worry about it," Dr. Hitt says, "but I know now they would never give theirs up. It's just that in the beginning we were in no condition to support athletics. We didn't look into it until the students began complaining about six years ago."

Greene, as athletic director, oversees a four-sport program (basketball, baseball, gymnastics and golf) whose budget has grown from $26,000 to $200,000 in three years. That first basketball team was 6-9 and played impersonators like Mid City Junior College and Keesler Air Force Base wherever it could beg a high school gymnasium. Greene preserved one of the wins by calling for a late-game stall when the foul-prone opponent was down to three players.

"We weren't taking any chances in those days," says Duane Reboul, a 5′ 7″ guard who is the only holdover from that first, uncomplicated year. Reboul has been joined in the starting lineup by a sophomore and three junior-college transfers, the best of whom is 6′ 4″ senior Butch Webster.

Greene did not really recruit Webster; he invited him to campus on the recommendation of a Florida State assistant when the Seminoles found themselves with one prospect too many. "I was easy to sell," says the quick-smiling Webster, who sneaks some 30 kids into each game. "I looked in one of those doors on Bourbon Street and said, 'Wow, where's the pen and paper?' "

Webster is just one of three Privateers averaging over 20 points. The other two, John Hamilton and Mel Henderson, will both be back next season when LSUNO steps up in class to university division status.

"I'm a very impatient person," says Greene, who also ranks high in grimacing and subtle referee-baiting. "I want things to happen fast. That's why our being No. 1 so soon does not seem that unusual. Heck, everyone came back from last year's team. I didn't think it was so impossible. It was just a matter of keeping things simple. Our biggest problem has been a tendency to free-lance when the play should be better controlled."

Greene believes in keeping schedules simple, too. He does not complicate them unnecessarily with strong teams, which is why a three-man committee from the South Region refused to nominate the Privateers for the College Division tournament. "That," boiled Greene, "was a real slap in the face and a big disappointment to the kids. At the time we were still unbeaten and No. 1—what more could we do?"

Higher NCAA authorities agreed there was not much more Greene's boys could do, and later extended LSUNO an invitation. It will play its opening tournament game Friday night against the South Region host team, Southwestern Louisiana.

Greene's regular-season schedule avoided such nationally ranked opponents and also kept two-thirds of the Privateers' games in the House of Horrors, where, if Butch Webster did not wreak havoc, the pep band did. The team's only home loss in two years came in the first game ever at the House and that is also the only game the mad minstrels missed.

When you are young and anonymous you get away with things. Dave Schaller, a senior reserve, made that discovery on the road last year when he started signing Pete Maravich autographs for those who thought LSUNO was *the* LSU. Even Mrs. Greene knows that must come later.

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

WEST Brigham Young Coach Stan Watts was in Utah Valley Hospital recovering from a 13-hour cancer operation, but doctors let him listen to the radio play-by-play of his team's game with Utah for the Western Athletic Conference championship. It probably was good therapy, because the Cougars defeated the Runnin' Redskins 98–87. BYU's 6′ 10″ import from Yugoslavia, Kresimir Cosic, had 24 points and 19 rebounds. Utah never did get warmed up, failing to hit well over BYU's zone (Cosic is a pretty fair zone all by himself). The Cougars (18-9) next must play Utah State (20-6) in the first round of the West Regional on State's court in Logan, where they lost earlier in the season.

Old enemies USC and UCLA set up their showdown for the Pacific Eight title by winning three games apiece. The Trojans beat Washington State 75–64, Stanford 83–74 and Cal 96–81, with Mo Layton scoring 49 points in the last two games. UCLA was even more impressive, defeating Washington in a tough game 71–69, then running away from Cal and Stanford 103–69 and 107–72. Center Steve Patterson crowed, "If we play the way we did against Cal I don't think any team in the country can come within 20 points of us." USC, with its one league loss to the Bruins (UCLA has none), has to win at UCLA Saturday and repeat the win in a playoff game Monday night to get into the NCAA tournament. "No one helped us beat UCLA," said Layton. "Now we'll have to do it ourselves."

WCAC champion Pacific (21-5) finished its regular season by burying St. Mary's 116–71 and getting 6′ 10″ Center John Gianelli elected league MVP. It was the Tigers' 26th consecutive victory at home in Stockton.

1. UCLA (24-1) 2. USC (24-1)

SOUTH Advantage of Home Cooking Department: Western Kentucky, which had beaten Austin Peay by 45 points at home, lost to the Governors 96–94 at a rematch in Clarksville, Tenn., even though Jim McDaniels had 39 points and 23 rebounds. Next, Western must play another past victim, Jacksonville, in the first round of the Mideast Regional. "I had hoped we'd draw Marquette for psychological reasons," said Coach Johnny Oldham. "You can get up for an undefeated team. The fact we beat Jacksonville once won't help us and certainly will give them something to shoot at."

Furman Coach Joe Williams will have to get out his double-breasted, vanilla-ice-cream suit for the NCAAs again. The Paladins, seeded fifth in the Southern Conference tournament, upset Davidson 83–79 in the second round, then beat Richmond 68–61 in the final to win an NCAA slot. Even more surprising, Furman won without its center, Russ Hunt, who was out with a bruised thigh. Williams coached Jacksonville last season and saw his team reach the NCAA finals. Furman will not climb as high—but give Williams a few more years.

North Carolina, picked by many to finish in the second division without departed All-America Charles Scott, clinched the regular-season ACC title by beating North Carolina State 97–81. Dennis Wuycik, the most accurate shooter in the nation, scored 25 points, made 13 of 13 free throws and took 14 rebounds. The Tar Heels, who must represent Dean Smith's best coaching job, thus are seeded first in the fratricidal ACC tournament. But Duke, conqueror of North Carolina 92–83 in the last regular-season game,

continued

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enters the meet in high gear, with eight straight wins. South Carolina, winner over Wake Forest 88–73, was also flying with its ninth straight. "We are peaking," said Gamecock Coach Frank McGuire.

NIT-bound Tennessee won at Vanderbilt 79–69, despite a barrage of oranges, paper cups and other missiles, but the Vols could not handle SEC champion Kentucky in Lexington, losing 84–78. Kentucky had clinched its 26th league title earlier in the week with a 102–83 victory at Auburn. Will ailing Adolph Rupp be on hand when the Wildcats play in the Mideast Regional? "If his heart is beating, he'll be there," said the team doctor.

Georgia Tech improved its record to 20-8 with a 78–61 win over Pitt, then retired the jersey of senior class V.P. Rich Yunkus, who scored 25 points.

1. S.C. (20-4) 2. JACKSONVILLE (22-3)

MIDWEST

Sophomore substitute Dave Merchant scored only one point in the game, but that came with 11 seconds left and allowed Ohio State to escape from Northwestern with a 68–67 victory and a surprising sweep of all seven league road games. The Buckeyes also beat Minnesota 84–70 so they can do no worse than tie for the Big Ten championship. It was their seventh title in 13 years under Coach Fred Taylor. Michigan kept its faint hopes flickering by pounding Michigan State 88–63. To tie, the Wolverines had to beat Iowa and Wisconsin and pray that Ohio State lost to Indiana. Even then there would have to be a playoff for an NCAA berth.

The Missouri Valley race ended in a three-way tie and a chair-swinging brawl. The teams were St. Louis, Louisville and Drake. St. Louis beat Bradley 69–59 as Bradley Coach Joe Stowell left two key players home for missing a curfew and did not start top scorer Al Smith because of a bad attitude in practice. The worst attitudes were in Louisville. The Cardinals won 102–73 over Memphis State, but not before State's Fred Horton proved to be the night's main eventer. In a first half fight that held up the game for 15 minutes, Horton grabbed a steel folding chair from the press row and was swinging it wildly until two policemen and a Memphis coach subdued him. Those left standing will play off in Peoria, and it will be ironic if Louisville meets and beats Drake Saturday. The interim Louisville coach, Howard Stacey, has agreed to take the head job at Drake next season.

Kansas took the Big Eight title, as everybody expected, but not easily. The Jayhawks needed five free throws in the last 1:14 of overtime to beat Oklahoma 54–52 for their 26th straight win at home. Marquette also had a close call before beating Xavier 76–58. The Warriors were nine down at halftime and did not catch up until only 10 minutes were left. It was their 38th straight victory over two years. As Coach Al McGuire says, "I've never really met anyone I liked well enough to lose to."

Miami of Ohio, which will face Marquette in the first round of the Mideast Regional, trounced Dayton 83–53 and Marshall 81-78. Notre Dame beat Dayton 83–82 to win a Midwest berth, then knocked off Western Michigan 110–79, after which the South Bend fans gave Austin Carr a 15-minute ovation.

1. MARQUETTE (26-0) 2. KANSAS (23-1)

EAST

St. John's won its 1,000th game in 64 years, beating Providence 79–65 and assuring itself a bid to the NIT (which will be its 26th postseason tournament). Only three other schools—Kentucky, Kansas and Oregon State—have won 1,000 games. As usual, the best of the Redmen was sophomore Mel Davis, another in a long line of superior players from Boys High of Brooklyn. He had 33 points and 18 rebounds against Providence and 20 points and 22 rebounds earlier in the week when St. John's wracked up Holy Cross 89–74.

Powerful Penn, which will reach 1,000 early next season, demonstrated its depth and versatility while beating Columbia 70-58. Little Guard Steve Bilsky injured his right knee and sat out 34 minutes of the game, so Coach Dick Harter moved 6' 7" Forward Corky Calhoun into the backcourt, replaced him up front with 6' 8" sophomore Phil Hankinson and enjoyed himself while the two scored 26 points. Columbia Captain Elliott Wolfe called it right before the game when he said, "Sometimes you can see weaknesses in a team, something you can work on, but Penn has none." It was the Quakers' 43rd consecutive regular-season win, but they remember last season's upset by Niagara in the first round of the East Regional. It could happen again this weekend against Duquesne.

Charlie Yelverton shot Fordham to an 81–68 victory at Georgetown. It was, however, the Rams' full-court pressure defense that starred in the 75–59 victory at Fairfield. They forced the Stags into 34 turnovers in what amounted to a warmup for their battle with Bronx rival Manhattan and an NCAA first-round game against Furman. St. Joseph's earned itself a spot in the NCAAs by beating La Salle, (which played without All-America Ken Durrett) 81–76 in overtime and winning the Mid-Atlantic title. Hawk sophomore Mike Bantom scored 26 points and pulled down 22 rebounds. Villanova, which will meet St. Joe's in the first round, gave Boston College its worst defeat of the year 90–77.

1. PENN (26-0) 2. FORDHAM (23-2)

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He conquers high mountains —from the top down

MOUNTAINEERING skills as well as skis aided Saudan in icy descent of Mount Hood

Everybody agrees that Sylvain Saudan is a nice guy. He is 5' 7", 158 pounds, quiet-spoken and definitely Continentally charming. In European ski areas, where he is well known, they say Saudan is crazy. This doesn't bother him much, although he prefers to call himself an adventurer. In either case, he is 34 years old, which is a wonder.

That is Saudan circled in the picture at lower left, pausing a moment to catch his breath high up on Oregon's Mount Hood. Although scenic enough, it is, assuredly, a strange place for a tourist to be. He is skiing down the eastern face, roughly a 52° pitch, and this is Saudan's own thing: he skis down the sides of mountains where nobody has ever dared ski before.

Above Saudan is an icy saddle, 11,235 feet high, a chill, windblown mountain notch. Below him, just behind that ridge (which he calls a "nose"), is a chute that leads to the Newton Clark Glacier, so steep that it is bypassed by most mountain climbers. Then he faces two crevasses lightly spanned by snow bridges.

Hood is Saudan's seventh mountain. In the last four years he has skied the Couloir Spencer, the Couloir Whymper and the Couloir Gervasutti, all off the forbidding shoulders of Mont Blanc, western Europe's highest peak. He has skied the Rothorn at Zermatt and the Piz Corvatsch at St. Moritz. He has skied the long and narrow Couloir Marinelli off Monte Rosa—which took 2½ hours—and the Aiguille de Bionnassay at Chamonix. Then, to show that he meant business, he came down the northwest face of the Eiger, Switzerland's 13,000-foot "Ogre of the Alps." Before Saudan set out to ski the Gervasutti, which has a 60° pitch at the top, a cabinkeeper told him, "Every year there have been mountaineers killed climbing up the Gervasutti, but this year the dead man will be the one who tries it on skis. It is impossible." Saudan skied it, then gave the cabinkeeper his favorite saying. "Everything is possible. Until proven impossible."

Saudan is paid for all this—although one can see his sponsors hiding their eyes every time he uses his 210 cm Hart Camaro skis, Lange competition boots, Salomon bindings and Scott poles. Otherwise, he is a ski instructor at Arosa, Switzerland in the winter and a mountain guide at Chamonix in the summer. "I am not a daredevil," he says. "I do not wish to risk my life, I wish to control the risk. I want to go beyond the known limits. It is a sport to me."

It is a sport few can play. Saudan has developed a special technique for turning on the steepest walls. Rocking back on his ski tails, he swings up his tips, then churns them around in half circles. He calls it his "windshield-wiper turn" and admits that it requires a pair of superlegs. Usually he warms up his leg muscles climbing to the summit.

Not at Mount Hood. A two-week blizzard made it impossible to climb up. So, on the first sunny day last week, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a helicopter dropped Saudan on top, and he started his descent. It was the first time he was to ski a mountain without having tested the snow and the route on the way up. The wind had blown most of the new snow off the upper face, and Saudan found that he had to slam his skis through a crust to get a safe hold. In most places, the mountain was icy. Then he jump-turned, traversed and rocked his way down the chute to the glacier, windshield-wipering to the top of the Mount Hood Meadows ski lift. In all, he covered a vertical drop of 4,700 feet in one hour.

"The run was much shorter than the ones I did in Europe," he said, "but it was just as dangerous. If I had fallen on Mount Hood it would have been the same as if I had fallen on the Eiger. I would not have lived to tell about it."

Saudan's next adventure may be the Grandes Jorasses near Chamonix or Mount McKinley in Alaska. Then he has this dream of climbing in the Himalayas. "I would like to find out what snow conditions are like at 28,000 feet," he says. "Of course, I would take my skis." **END**

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Staking a claim on one club

Precision is only one of several systems using a forcing one club, but its inventor will bet that his version—and his team—are best

Two trends in the game are creating widening waves of interest. One is reflected in a seeming proliferation of exhibition matches involving star players—and, occasionally, high stakes—at which the bridge-playing public is given an opportunity to see the experts perform. The other is evidenced by the increasing popularity and success of systems based on a forcing one-club opening bid.

The strong one club can hardly be hailed as an innovation inasmuch as Harold S. Vanderbilt, when he invented contract bridge, also introduced a forcing one club with a negative one-diamond response. (Vanderbilt's logic, on this point at least, fell on deaf ears, and the masses instead followed Ely Culbertson and his strong opening two bid, as a majority of players continue to do.) But enough of today's experts have swung toward a forcing one club to raise the question: Which of the many one-club systems is best? On the basis of simplicity as well as effectiveness, I would have to say that the Precision Club, designed by C.C. Wei of New York, has the edge. In fact, I have written a book about it to be published by Doubleday in May.

In the meantime, Wei has put his system on exhibition, thus taking advantage of both new trends. His International Precision Team is currently engaged in a two-week, six-city "charity" tour ($1,000 to the charity named by any local squad that can beat his team). By the end of this week audiences in Cincinnati, Wilmington, New York, Washington, Greenville, S.C. and Atlanta will have had a chance to observe not only the workings of the Precision Club but also the skills of some of the best—if not *the* best—players in action.

Although the tour ends in Atlanta immediately preceding the Spring Nationals, Wei's team will not compete as a unit in the knockout team championship for the Vanderbilt Cup, where it would be likely to meet the defending world champion Dallas Aces, among other leading North American squads. Instead, the Precision masters have posted an independent claim to the title "World's Best Bridge Team," a claim that Wei is prepared to back—stakes unlimited—against all comers.

No team is rushing to accept the challenge, which is not totally surprising in view of the sobering fact that the Precision group includes what is almost certainly the world's best pair, Giorgio Belladonna and Benito Garozzo of the old Italian Blue Team, in addition to American international experts Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson of Philadelphia, supported by Peter Leventritt and Victor Mitchell of New York.

The Precision players fully expect that their boast will not be allowed to stand uncontested, and they are sharpening their competitive edge by constantly experimenting with their still new and unfamiliar system. The deal shown below, from a recent practice session, illustrates a few of the features of the system, plus scintillating play by Garozzo, who was holding the South hand.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ A J 6
♥ K 3
♦ J 9 8 5
♣ A J 9 8

WEST
♠ 8 5 4 2
♥ 10 9 6 2
♦ K Q 10 6 3
♣ —

EAST
♠ 7 3
♥ Q 8 7
♦ A 7 4
♣ 7 6 5 4 2

SOUTH
♠ K Q 10 9
♥ A J 5 4
♦ 2
♣ K Q 10 3

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 NT	PASS	2 ♦	PASS
3 ♦	PASS	3 ♥	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	4 NT	PASS
5 ♥	PASS	6 ♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead king of diamonds

The Precision system employs a weak (13 to 15 points) no trump, and a two-way Stayman response: two clubs with a weak hand asking for a major, and two diamonds with a strong hand. North's three-diamond rebid showed no four-card major but two four-card minors. Thereafter, North indicated that he preferred spades to hearts and, in response to South's Blackwood query, that he held two aces. South then contracted for slam in clubs, the first time that suit had been mentioned, but the spot toward which South had been aiming after North's second bid.

East overtook his partner's king of diamonds in order to shift to a trump and declarer was not entirely pleased to find dummy's eight-spot winning the trick as West showed out. The fact that all five outstanding trumps were in one hand created a problem, but Garozzo managed to overcome it. He ruffed a diamond, crossed to dummy's heart king to trump another diamond and cashed two spades, ending in dummy. Then came the crucial decision. Should he try to cash a third spade—a play doomed to failure because East would ruff—or take the heart finesse? The odds, as well as Benito's "nose," favored the finesse. When it succeeded, dummy's last spade was discarded on the ace of hearts and the rest of the tricks were made via a crossruff of high trumps. The system had led to a good contract but, as so often happens, it was the player's skill that brought it home.

A more unusual feature of Wei's system is a bid known as the "impossible negative." It draws its name from the fact that a one-diamond response to an opening club bid (which, in Precision, shows 16 points or more) would normally be negative, announcing a weak hand with fewer than eight points. However, because the Precision system requires a responder with eight points or more to bid only five-card or longer suits over one club and because no trump cannot be bid with a singleton, the impossible negative comes into play on strong hands with 4-4-4-1 distribution. The convention helped keep Belladonna and Garozzo out of trouble in the hand shown on page 69.

Garozzo (South) opened one club and

continued

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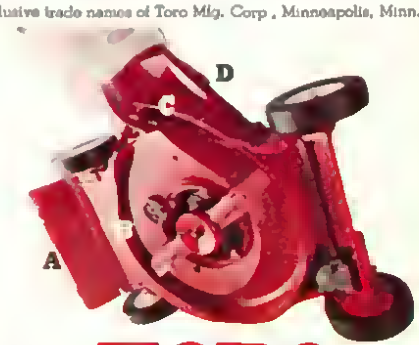

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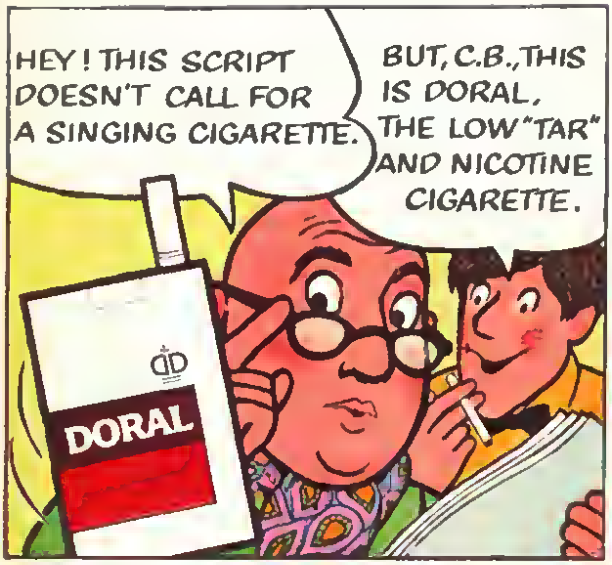
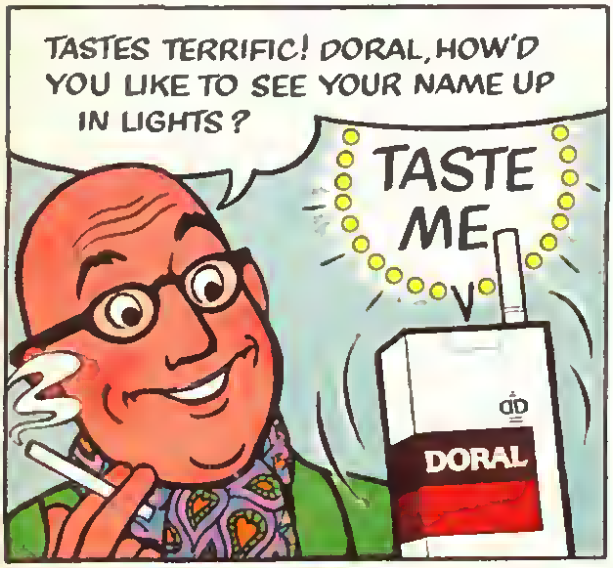
ul Mower

DORAL AUDITIONS ON BROADWAY





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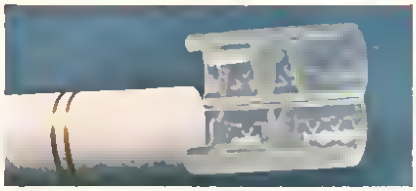

The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"

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Belladonna responded with one diamond. If South had next rebid in one of North's suits (or in no trump, as he actually did), North would have been required to jump in diamonds to show his 4-4-1-4 pattern and his count of eight points or more. On the other hand, if South had rebid in diamonds, North would have jumped in no trump to show his singleton diamond. Thus, when South rebid one no trump, showing the 16- to 18-point equivalent of a Standard American no-trump opening, North accordingly showed his distribution and good hand by jumping in his short suit. The logic of this bid is clear, surprising as it may appear. How could North have a

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ K Q 8 4
♥ Q 5 4 3
♦ 3
♣ A K 8 7

WEST
♠ J 10 7 2
♥ J 10 8
♦ A J 10 2
♣ 6 5

EAST
♠ 9 3
♥ K 9 7 2
♦ 7 6 4
♣ 9 4 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A 6 5
♥ A 6
♦ K Q 9 8 5
♣ Q J 10

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♦!	PASS
1 NT	PASS	3 ♦!	PASS
3 NT	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead, jack of hearts

weak hand—fewer than eight points—and suddenly be strong enough to make a jump bid? Impossible: hence South must conclude that his partner is holding the values for a positive response but the wrong distribution to be able to make one.

South's only long suit was diamonds, and he indicated that fact and his lack of interest in slam by rebidding no trump. North, despite his holding of 14 points and a singleton opposite his partner's known strength, went no farther, warned that his singleton diamond was no asset at all.

It was just as well. The jack of hearts opening insured that the defenders would make three heart tricks and the ace of diamonds, so that no more than nine tricks could be made. South was happy to gather in one heart, four clubs, three spades and one diamond trick to bring home his game. **END**

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Toughing it out around the purgatory league

The rosters tend to be, uh, flexible, the pay scale microscopic and the arenas prehistoric, but the players show lots of desire in the Eastern Basketball Association. Maybe because it'd be so nice to get out

The evening was billed as a reunion; Andy Johnson was coming home to Allentown. True, he would be in town as coach of the Camden Bullets, but who can forget those seven beautiful years he put in as a player with the Allentown Jets? Who can forget 1965, when Andy—then captain of the team—carried the Jets into the playoffs with a sizzling 28 points and a tightfisted defense that limited Paul Arizin to a mere three field goals? Who can forget those thrilling days?

Well, quite a few of us, as it turns out. Most of us remember Johnson and Arizin—if we remember them at all—as Philadelphia Warriors. So perhaps it was hardly surprising that only 931 paying customers got the message and made it to Allentown's Rockne Hall, which seats 3,500. The place bristled with indifference. It was one of those nights you could tell everything was going to go wrong. The preliminary—a contest involving two teams of girls that pounded up and down court like stampeding heifers—ran overtime. And downstairs in the locker room the Jets sat staring into space as Bob Raskin, last year's coach of the year, paced the floor.

Raskin was nervous. He had just been fired—"resigned for the betterment of the team" was the way the morning paper had put it—but the new coach, York Larese, a 1960 All-America from North Carolina, wouldn't be around to take over the reins until the next night. It put Raskin, who had agreed to handle the team against Camden, in a weird position. "I feel a little like I'm presiding at my own funeral," he said.

Raskin gave the Jets their final instructions: watch out for the double pick they set for Ben Warley; box out under the boards; look for the open man. The players nodded. They stood up and put their hands together. Let's win this one, someone said. Everyone nodded. They wanted the game badly. Camden, an expansion team with a 2-8 record, was in last place. The Jets were 4-4, in third. Here was a chance to make up some ground. And here was a chance to give Raskin something pleasant to remember them by, down here in pro basketball's nether regions, the Eastern Basketball Association.

SHORT ONE TRAINER, AN ALLENTOWN TEAMMATE TAPES HANK WHITNEY'S ANKLES

At a time when the Maraviches and Alcindors of the world are pulling down multimillion-dollar contracts, the average EBA franchise—in places like Allentown, Camden and Wilkes-Barre—is laying out such munificent sums as $50 a game to rookies and not too much more to the veterans. In the EBA the arenas are drafty, largely vacant and frequently dirty. Still, the games are free-wheeling enough, with scores like 130–129 the rule rather than the exception. And the salaries are no indicator of talent in the league; many EBA graduates are now making it in the NBA and ABA.

Walt Simon, Laverne Tart, Larry Jones, Art Heyman and Sonny Dove are a few ABA standouts who played for a while in the EBA. Bob Love and Bob Weiss of the Chicago Bulls came up via the EBA. So did Mike Riordan, who put in a year with the Allentown Jets before joining the Knicks, and so did two of Riordan's current rookie teammates, Eddie Mast and Milt Williams, who last year averaged 20 and 17 points, respectively, at Allentown.

continued

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Talk to a Prudential agent soon.
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The grinding routine and poverty of life in the EBA does not necessarily disillusion the alumni. Almost without exception, they praise the league's brand of ball. "The team we had last year could have given any of the NBA expansion clubs a run for its money," said Mast recently, "and we could have beaten a lot of ABA teams." Still, he adds, the playing conditions are awful. Sunbury wins Mast's prize for the worst arena. "You feel like you're playing in a box when you're there. It's so small, they've had to put half-court lines at the keyholes of the opposite ends. To make things worse, there's a stage at one end and a wall at the other. When you go in for a layup at Sunbury, you have to go in vertically."

What Mike Riordan remembers best about his year at Allentown was the league's three-point rule, similar to the ABA's. "We had a beautiful three-on-one going one time," he says. "All of a sudden the lead guy pulls up short and guns a 25-footer. He misses, gets the rebound and dribbles out behind the line for another shot. I couldn't figure out what he was doing till I remembered he was in a race for the scoring title."

The league has other rough spots, including a constantly changing cast. In one game early this year Allentown trotted out a squad that included Bad News Barnes, a 1964 All-America with six NBA years behind him; Johnny Jones, a onetime Boston Celtic, Milwaukee Buck and Kentucky Colonel; and Ray Hodge, a Knick draft choice who was the 13th man on New York's training camp roster last fall. A few nights later all were gone; Barnes had been shipped off to Trenton, Jones and Hodge relegated to the inactive roster. And Joe Hammond, a 21-year-old tiger who is everyone's choice to make it big in the majors, was burning up the EBA before he ran into trouble with the Allentown management. Now he, too, is languishing on the Jets' inactive list.

The EBA owners and officials are well aware of these shortcomings, but in a decade or so this season may well be singled out as the one in which the league finally turned the corner and entered the 20th century. After 25 years of life as the Eastern Professional Basketball League, the owners switched over to the EBA name, got themselves a new franchise in Camden and acquired new leadership. Bill Montzman, formerly general manager of Allentown, has taken over as commissioner. And, most important, new draft procedures and working arrangements with the major basketball leagues have been established.

At one time an Eastern League franchise was a profitable venture. "I can remember nights when we used to get 4,000 to 5,000 people out to a game," says one longtime buff from Scranton. But that was before TV brought the big leagues into living rooms. And so, over the years, a number of towns—Lancaster, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Easton and York, Pa.; Asbury Park, N.J.; Rochester and Binghamton, N.Y.; Springfield, Mass. and New Haven, Conn.—have had their flings as EBA entries, found the economics overwhelming and gotten out.

If the owners are to be believed, none of them made money last year despite their relatively low overheads. Each team carries a roster of 13 men, only 10 of whom dress for a game (and only those who dress get paid). Although a select few players earn as much as $150 a game, the average is far lower, and so the typical season salary outlay comes to about $30,000 a team. Add to that another $30,000 for gym rental, travel, equipment and promotion and you have probably the lowest overhead—$60,000 per year—in professional sport.

The salaries and playing conditions make outside incomes an imperative for most of the players. Wayne Cruse of Allentown is a soft-spoken soul who teaches technical school five days a week in the Manpower Center in Edison, N.J., coaches JV ball and jogs a couple of miles each day to keep in shape. Then on weekends he sets picks, blocks shots and crashes the boards with a ferocity that belies his weekday manner. "You have to play rough," he says. "This is a rough league. I broke my right hand and fractured my left one year, but I played. I had no choice. In the EBA no play means no pay."

The night in Allentown, with Raskin playing (or coaching) his swan song, was a fairly typical evening in the EBA. The tension that had suffused the Jet locker room before the game showed on the court that evening. Everyone tried too hard. The Jets made only one of their first 17 shots. Hodge had trouble getting the offense moving. Bad News Barnes, the Jets' center, kept throwing the ball straight to fast-breaking Bullets. And Kenny Wilburn, last year's high scorer, missed four in a row from the free-throw line ("When it comes to foul shooting," he says, "I'm a regular Wilt Chamberlain"). With three minutes gone the Jets, last year's EBA champs, were down 14–4. Things didn't get better until just before halftime, when the Jet defense finally stiffened and they managed to leave the floor down only 63–49.

As they returned to the court it was obvious that the Jets had found some meanness down there in the locker room. The kids lining the runway sensed it and didn't even ask for autographs. Raskin looked determined. "We're going to get some rebounds this half," he said.

The third quarter was close. The Jets were rebounding better and playing alert basketball, but the Bullets were flying and their shots kept dropping. Both teams remained keyed up through the third period, and several near fights broke out. Still, the Jets cut the deficit to 88–80. Then John Shannon, the Bullets' hot hand with 25, fouled out. Kenny Wilburn had kept the Jets in the game with 24 points and 14 rebounds, and now Jones, Cruse and Barnes finally came to life. The Allentown fans, all 931, were on their feet and stamping on the metal bleachers.

With less than a minute to go the Jets were down 111–107, but Wilburn was fouled. He sank one of the two. Now the Bullets brought the ball down, missed, and Allentown got the rebound. Jones faked to the left, went right and hit a soft jumper. That made it 111–110 with 10 seconds left. As the Bullets put the ball into play Wilburn darted out of nowhere, stole it and was fouled in the act. He moved to the line, aimed—and missed both free throws.

It was over. Camden 111, Allentown 110. Rockne Hall was quiet again. The locker room was quieter yet. The players, depressed by the game and the prospect of losing a popular coach, were down. They talked for a while, then moved heavily toward the freezing parking lot. It had been a rough night. But at 5 p.m. the next day, when the bus pulled out for Wilkes-Barre, the Jets were aboard, on their way to the next stop on the EBA's glory road. **END**

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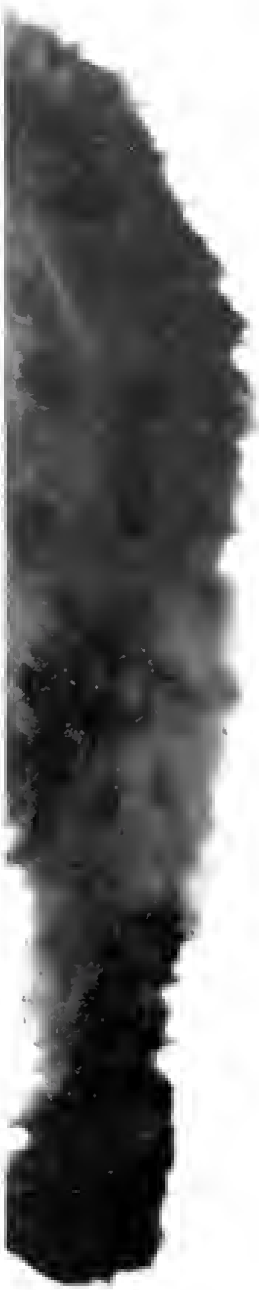
‘Nobody Touches Me With Impunity’



That is the warning, in Latin, that is posted over Robert Abady's kennel. It refers to the fierce bouviers des Flandres guard dogs he raises, but the motto might well be Abady's own

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Whenever Robert Abady, a slender, intense artist and breeder of immense working dogs known as bouviers des Flandres, appears at a dog show, no one knows what to expect. Once, when Abady feared he would be late with a dog at an outdoor show, he shot his car around the admissions gate, swept by several rows of startled officials, gunned across an open field, bounced over a log—nearly demolishing the *Popular Dogs* stand in transit—and slammed on the brakes at ringside. After giving his dog, Ch. Marc de la Thudinie, to an embarrassed handler, Abady raced the car around the ring, parked in front of the *Popular Dogs* stand and coped with the angry army descending upon him by cautioning, "If you have something to say, say it in gentlemanly fashion. Otherwise I'll report you to the bench show committee."

Abady, symbolically, lives in Stormville, N.Y., but he was educated in French schools and is all gall. Doggy people either love him or loathe him. The latter group includes the American Bouvier des Flandres Club, which steadfastly refuses him membership. "They won't let me in because they know I'd wipe the floor with them," he says.

To just about everyone in dogdom, the American Kennel Club is the ultimate power seat, the White House, Vatican and Kremlin rolled into one, but to Abady the AKC is "a dilettante organization" composed of "pompous idiots" who do not have the true advancement of the breeds at heart. In 1965 the AKC suspended him for life for allegedly striking a woman handler and kicking her dog at a show in Connecticut. Among

continued

other things, this penalty made dogs from his kennel, Vuilbaard Bouviers, ineligible for AKC registration, but Abady sued in federal court and won reinstatement—an unprecedented victory.

Abady gives unhesitating voice to his opinion that the dog-show game is shot through with stupidity and politics. In his gentler moments he says most judges are "semi-Mongolian idiots." Once, when a judge who had been brought over from Europe rendered what Abady, who speaks 11 languages including Arabic, deemed an absolutely rotten decision, he offered to debate the judge on all the points involved. "I challenged him in French, in Flemish or in any language he wanted," says Abady, afire at the memory of it. "It didn't make any difference to me. The guy backed down. I told him he was obviously an incompetent. When I get an audience, I am really at my best." But all Abady got that day was a kick in the shins from one of the judge's supporters.

Abady's controversial convictions reach beyond the show ring. It is his deep belief that "most people involved in dogs are fruitcakes," and he adds that the average American dog, be it family pet, show dog or field dog, is in "miserable condition." Abady's admirers, though they may cringe at his outspoken assaults on the canine Establishment, hail him as a great guru of dogs, a true authority on the breeding of dogs, the health of dogs and dog nutrition. "I think Abady is the most important thing that has happened in the dog business in the last 10 years," says Jacquin Sanders, a breeder of bull mastiffs. "His nutritional ideas are extremely advanced. His dogs are in fantastic condition. The breed looks completely changed from five years ago when I saw bouviers limping around the ring."

A number of guard and attack dog enthusiasts regard Abady as a seer, and his attack-trained bouviers fetch several thousand dollars each. "Every time there is a murder in New York City, Cleveland or Chicago, we're inundated with phone calls," Abady says. "So that's good for business."

The bouvier des Flandres, native to Belgium, the Netherlands and northern France, is a shaggy, bearlike dog with cropped ears and tail and a heavy beard. In Belgium a show championship cannot be awarded to a bouvier unless it has won a prize for tracking or as an army, police or guard dog. The male is big, up to 140 pounds, very strong and agile. It is a good jumping breed. A bouvier holds the world record for scaling a wall: 16 feet. Originally bred in Flanders to herd cattle—bouvier literally means cattle dog—the dog is supposed to be of calm temperament. "The bouvier does not have a chip on his shoulder," says Abady's wife, Isabel, an assistant professor of French at Vassar. "He does not want to be nasty. He *is* gentle and friendly and marvelous with children. He is only aggressive when someone threatens his people or his property. Our kennel motto is *Nemo me impune lacessit* [Nobody touches me with impunity.] The bouvier protects not because he's vicious, but because he is your dog. He does what is needed."

As an example of the dog's measured response to a situation, Abady cites the time a plumber came to his house a day late when no one was at home. "There were seven dogs in the house," Abady recalls, "and the plumber was pinned to the living-room wall for eight or nine hours. When we came in, he was ashen. The dogs didn't hurt him, they just wouldn't let him move even though he was only a foot and a half away from the door. Of course, he should have come the day he said he would."

Then there was the time Abady went into Manhattan with Picot, an untrained year-old male. "I took him into the Figaro, a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village," Abady says. "You could take a dog in there, eat, drink coffee and play chess in a relaxed atmosphere. A guy who seemed about eight feet tall and wearing an orange motorcycle suit came in and sat at the next table. He ordered a hamburger and French fries. Picot was curled up at my feet. When this guy's order came, he got up and leaned across me to get the ketchup. It was a very irritating and insolent gesture, as though he wanted to pick a fight. I did nothing. Shortly after that, he came back for the pepper and salt. I did nothing. As he was eating, he dropped one of his French fries on the floor and kicked it toward Picot. I kicked it back. He kicked again. I picked it up and said, 'Don't feed the dog without the owner's permission.' I threw the French fry back at him and, by accident, it landed on his plate. Get the picture? He stands up and pushes the table aside. I stand, and suddenly I hear this high-pitched shriek from this huge guy. I didn't know what was going on. The place was absolutely still, and all I wondered was how a big guy, an enormous guy like this, could scream in such a high voice.

"What had happened was Picot had grabbed the guy by the hand. The guy fell over a bannister, his hand bleeding, rushed into the bathroom and then shot out of the Figaro. There wasn't a sound in the restaurant. Not a sound. It was eerie I didn't know what to say. Should I offer to pay his check? The waitress comes over, silently gives me my check, I pay and I leave with Picot. I didn't know whether I could ever go back, but a few weeks later a friend of mine went in there and he told me, 'Hey, there's this legend about this guy who went into the Figaro with a bear! And the bear tore this motorcyclist guy apart! The guy was all covered with blood after the bear chewed him up, and they had to carry him on a stretcher to an ambulance.'" It turned out the manager was delighted, because motorcyclists had made the place a hangout and annoyed his customers.

Abady, who is 32, was born in Curaçao in the West Indies. He is of Dutch, French and English extraction. His father was a wealthy entrepreneur who invested in various enterprises ranging from ranches and department stores in Latin America to tea in India. Abady spent part of his childhood in Egypt; later his family moved to France and Italy. But wherever they went, Abady had horses and dogs. He credits a great deal of his knowledge of dog anatomy and structure to his experience with horses and also to his artistic training. "Robert's forte is his artist's eye," says Isabel. "He is extremely visual."

Abady's education was classically French, and when the family moved to

New York he attended the Lycée Français, which was for him "a terrible school. It was too rigid and I was basically rebellious." Once when he was briefly living on his own after a spat with his father, he was called in by the headmaster and informed he was going to be expelled. "I said, 'O.K., I won't pay the bill.' " He remained in school.

When Abady was 16, he had his final break with his family. "My father told me there was a big place waiting for me if I wanted to get involved in his affairs. He told me what they were, but they were not too engaging to me at the time. I was torn between medicine and art. My father didn't think very much of physicians generally, and when I told him I wanted to be a painter he thought I was insane. I packed my bags, rented an apartment and took a job as a salesman. I wasn't much of a salesman so they suggested I look for other work. Those were troubled years for me. I didn't know how hard it was to make one's own way in the world. I worked at various jobs and gradually I started to sell paintings. Little by little I didn't have to work part-time."

Abady studied with Maximilian Aurel Rasko, whom he regards as "one of the last great masters of the century." From him Abady absorbed the principles of harmony, composition and design, elements that are lacking, he says, in modern art, which he considers a "hoax." At 18, Abady's work was presented at a number of big shows, including that of the National Academy.

Abady's father died shortly after he left home and a quarter of a million dollars was placed in trust for him until he reached 21. Fearing that the trust fund was being mishandled, he sought to get his money. "I got a few thousand here and there to keep me quiet," he says. "Then I was told that's it." Knowing that he was due a considerable sum from one of his father's former business associates in Curaçao, Abady went there. "I realized there was no way I could get the money legally," Abady says, "but I knew that this man was tremendously superstitious, so I began a campaign of terror. In the evenings I planted speakers in his garden just outside his bed-

continued

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room, and I would hide in the shrubbery with a mike and say, 'This is the great spirit speaking.' He was a Rosicrucianist or something. I would speak in Papiamento, which is a dialect I picked up at the time, and I would say, 'You've been a very bad man. That fellow Robert is such a nice boy, a young man at the beginning of life, and you're taking his money. He's really trying to work hard, and he's going to school. Do you realize your soul is going to burn?' This guy got so scared he capitulated."

Comfortably fixed, Abady went to Germany and Holland. There he studied and painted and came to know the bouvier. In 1963 he returned to the U.S., where he met Isabel in a Philadelphia junk shop while he was seeking objects for still life. Isabel, who had studied for her doctorate at the University of Montreal, was then teaching at St. Joseph's College. They bought bouviers, got married and purchased a farm in Quebec.

The Abadys: Isabel, Robert, Roberta and bouvier, to which you don't say, "Tsk, tsk."

"Soon the whole place was crawling with bouviers," Abady recalls. "They were all terrible. I was very disenchanted. I had started to learn about bouviers in a creative way. They were supposed to be courageous. These were very shy. I was determined to find out if the dog really had the character that his heritage suggested. We sold the farm, sold all our dogs or gave them away and started from scratch."

The Abadys moved back to the U.S. and settled in Stormville, 50 miles north of New York City. Passionately committed to raising better bouviers, Abady got in touch with breeders in Belgium and flew over to buy dogs. He was discouraged at the first kennel he visited. "The dogs were much handsomer than the ones here, but they were very, very timid," he says. "I looked at them in complete disgust and just walked away." At the next kennel he visited, Posty Arlequin, he paid several thousand dollars for three handsome bitches, and then he saw Marc, a 2-year-old male at the Thudinie kennel of Justin Chastel. To see if the dog had courage, Abady donned a protective suit of heavy canvas and leather and asked Chastel to send the dog on the attack. "Marc barreled into me, knocked me over and tried to kill me," says Abady. "I knew this was the dog I wanted. This was the beginning of a new strain." Chastel did not want to sell Marc, who was the sensation of show rings in Belgium and France. But after five cognacs he agreed to let the dog go for a bit less than $6,000, including shipping.

In the U.S. Marc promptly won his show championship. "Marc won a lot," Abady says. "But not until *Dog World* ran a story on Marc did he get the recognition he deserved. When the article appeared, he started winning working groups almost overnight. That is how susceptible many judges are to publicity. Before that, no one looked at him much because he was a bouvier and bouviers hadn't won in many, many years. Marc is a great dog and he should have won on his own merits." Marc, along with other Vuilbaard Bouviers, has been handled in the ring by J. Monroe Stebbins Jr. "He's an excellent handler," says Abady, "but he wishes we wouldn't show up at ringside. He has no desire to be associated with the dramatic side of our kennel."

Although Abady has bred a dozen champions since he bought Marc, he remains skeptical of the show circuit. "It is obvious to me," he says, "that it is impossible to make judgments that are absolutely concrete because of the system. Judges are not really trained, they're not schooled in esthetics and they're not schooled in structure. There are no classes to explain dynamics and all the principles that exist in dogs. To become a dog judge, you have to become a busybody and get involved with a breed club. Eventually you get assignments and are considered an expert by a lot of other nonexperts. There are no standards that are really plausible. There are some good judges, judges who seem extremely knowledgeable. These are people who have done a great deal of research on their own. A lot of handlers become judges. Some know something here or something there, but they usually do not have the cohesive overall ability to go over a dog in detail. We've seen some outrageous things happen; top working dogs that have been lame, lame for years, some judges will throw out of the ring and other judges will confer the highest awards on them.

"The whole dog game should be reorganized. The American Kennel Club should be completely divested of its autocratic power. The AKC treats everyone

continued

like little children. There should be rules of conduct at shows, I agree with that. But there should also be the possibility for people who have serious grievances to bring them to a board that is independent.

"People want to know that the winning dog is the one after which the breed should be patterned. That's essentially what showing should be all about. But breeds take turns for the worse because winning dogs sometimes shouldn't win. People read that this dog has six best-in-shows or 50 group wins, and they'll send their bitch over to be bred and the dog could have 10,000 faults. This does a tremendous disservice to purebred dogs. It is perpetuating dogs for reasons that have nothing to do with dogs. It has to do with politics. It has to do with money. It has to do with influence. So dogs don't make the progress they should."

Although Abady has a poor opinion of the showing, he regards attack training as superb sport. His only difficulty is finding a steady supply of "villains." A villain is the fellow who serves as the bouvier's object of attack. He should weigh at least 200 pounds, because a hurtling bouvier can easily knock down a lighter man. Once the villain is knocked flat, the dog can burrow underneath the protective suit and do severe damage. "You find villains anywhere you can get them," Abady says. "Anyone who talks big and thinks he has guts. We pay $4 an hour, but when a villain sees an enraged dog coming at him for the first time, he wants to raise the price."

It takes about a year to train an attack bouvier, and only the most stable dogs are taught. The first thing that the bouvier must learn is how to bite properly. Abady trains his dog to bite the calf, the thigh, the arm and the crotch. "When we say a bouvier bites," says Abady, "it doesn't mean the dog just puts his teeth into someone. A bite is a trained procedure. A bite is a lethal assault. For a dog to bite, it is not enough to slash or nip. A dog is not really effective that way. For a dog to bite effectively, he must apply pressure and break bones and tear muscles and not let go and quit. When you first start training a dog to bite, he may exert 100 pounds of pressure. That's meaningless. A bouvier that has been taught to bite will exert up to 1,000 pounds of pressure per square inch, and it takes only about 300 or 350 to break the average human forearm. The bouvier has to learn to throw his weight into the bite, his shoulders into it, his neck into it. And he really has to tear. The first time he shakes his head, everything goes with it. This is our whole concept. If a bouvier gets you in the thigh, you'll be unconscious in about five seconds. You couldn't stand the pain. If a dog comes in and slashes, you have a chance to break his head, but if a dog comes in and holds and starts tearing and breaking things, then it's all over, because you can't get him off you.

"A bouvier bite is a studied thing. It really doesn't matter where he bites you. If he got you on the big toe, you'd probably lose consciousness. Shepherds and Dobermans are slashers; they have a longer jaw, so instinctively they want to let go. They do not have the same jaw structure as the bouvier." Abady speaks from experience about the bouvier bite. While photographing an attack lesson in France, he got a little too close to the villain. The bouvier wheeled off target and grabbed Abady in the thigh. A doctor used 27 stitches on the wound and Abady limped for months.

In the early stages of training, the bouvier is held on a special leash of whale hide or latigo leather. "The leash is very pliable," says Abady, "and its vibrations will give you an idea of what's going on in a potential attack situation. You can feel the bouvier quiver and tense up. It's as though an electric signal is given through the leash. He should do nothing unless there is direct assault on you or unless he is commanded. I don't use complicated verbal commands. The command to be on guard, the last step before an all-out assault, is 'Cha,' which is said just under my breath. It means nothing in any language. 'Cha' is enough, and the dog is like a live wire. The command to attack, very good insofar as it's so subtle that no one would ever know what is happening, is 'Tsk, tsk.' That's it. Suddenly the dog turns into a cannonball."

Dr. Stephen Wilder, a Manhattan psychologist who walks through Central Park because he lives on the West Side and practices on the East, has two of Abady's bouviers. "Bouviers are very much a part of my life in the city," Wilder says. "I think Robert's bouviers are the best of all the dogs I've seen, and I've tried shepherds, Dobermans, rottweillers and Rhodesian ridgebacks. None has the stability or temperament of my two bouviers. You have to

continued

A bouvier getting his basic training goes for the padded arm of a hired, hesitant "villain."

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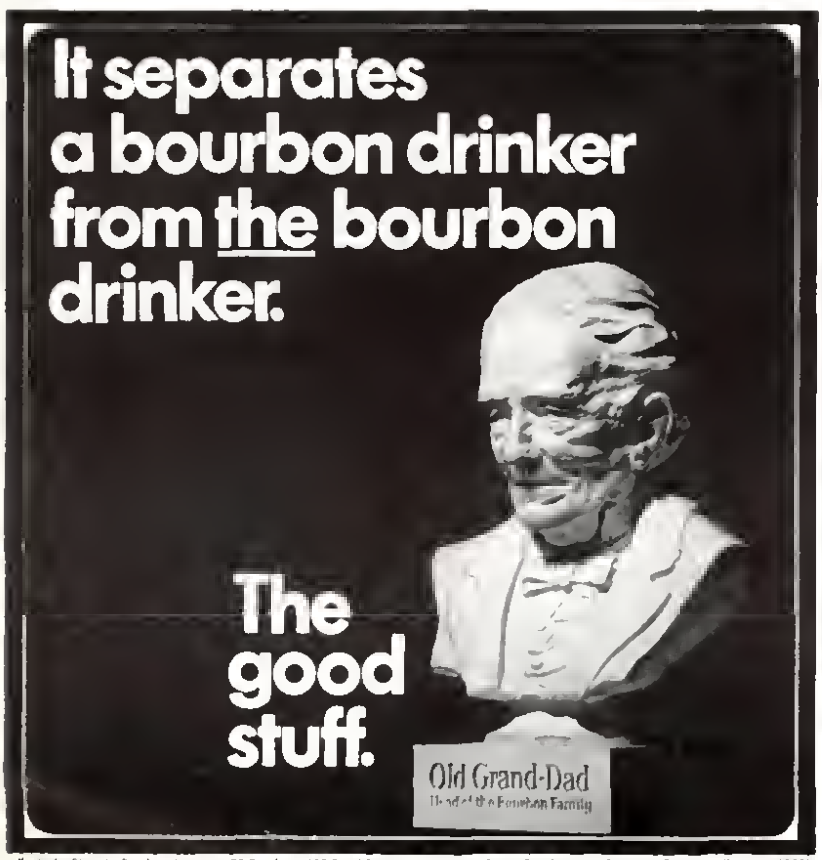

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TOUCH ME NOT *continued*

have a dog that is very calm. City living is complicated. If the dog went at everyone who looked or acted strange, he'd get you into an awful lot of trouble very easily.

"Bouvier attack training requires a very complex set of discriminations. Why should the dog attack the 101st stranger and not the first 100? The bouvier has two attributes that are seemingly contradictory. One, a tremendous amount of stability, and two, a predisposition to protect, to bite without hesitation when required. These dogs have a deep sense of territory. When I let them off the leash, they're never more than 40 feet away from me. With my wife, the dogs are never more than 10 feet away."

A year ago, while walking home through the park one evening, Dr. Wilder found himself being followed by a group of teen-agers. They caught up to him and demanded money. "When I refused, one kid reached into his pocket and flicked out a switchblade knife," Wilder recalls. "It was like a signal and they started to surround me. I had Rocco, my trained bouvier, a young bouvier pup and another dog with me. I didn't want to challenge these kids, but I suggested that the first one who came at me probably would die and that three or four others wouldn't go through life looking the same. Rocco had oriented himself in a certain way. He doesn't rave or jump around. These dogs have an understated way that people don't understand. Rocco's neck arches, his ears stand, his gait changes. I started walking backward, and Rocco kept doing figure eights around me to make sure no one came close. No one did."

Abady recalls the occasion on which he drove to the East Side of Manhattan to deliver a painting, leaving a bouvier bitch to guard the car. "I parked the car about a third of a block away," he says. "It was a warm evening, and I left the dog inside with another painting and a few odds and ends on the front seat. I delivered my painting and it was getting dark when I came out. I remember passing a row of cars and seeing a man trying to get into a car that I had thought at first was mine, but in the dusk I figured I had made a mis-

continued

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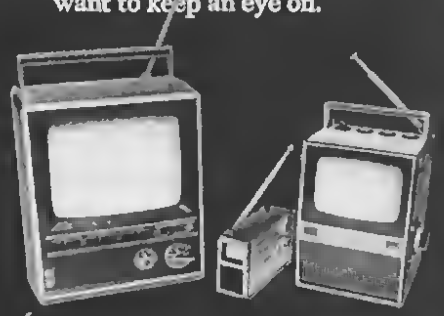

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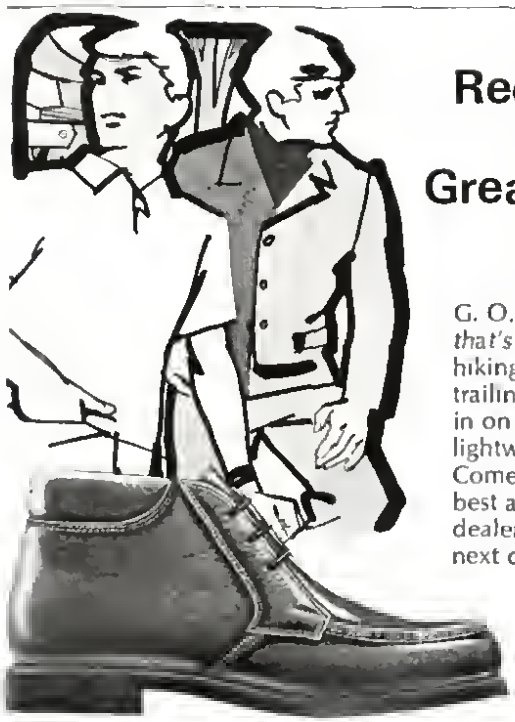

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TOUCH ME NOT *continued*

take. I tried to remember exactly where I had parked. I knew it was on this street, and I went back again.

"All of a sudden it dawned on me that the guy had been getting into my car. I looked, and he seemed to be in the same position he had been three or four minutes before when I first passed him. I was very puzzled. All of a sudden the terrible thought occurred to me that something was going on with this guy's arm. The car was shaking and quivering. Here was this guy moaning as though he was in pretty bad shape. The dog had nailed him right in the shoulder. I tried to extricate him, but I couldn't get him out. I went inside and tried to get her to release him, but she wouldn't. She was just braced in there.

"I figured I better get a cop. After a good five or six minutes, I finally got the police. Here they came in a patrol car. They get out as big as life. 'O.K., where's the guy?' they asked. I said, 'He's in there.' So a cop opened the door, grabbed him and said 'O.K., c'mon, buddy.' Then the cop said, 'God, what's in there?' I said, 'That's my dog.' One cop said, 'That ain't no dog, that's a bear!' The familiar bear nonsense. I said, 'You just hold him and drag, and I'll get in the car and release him.' But the cops jumped in the patrol car, slammed the door and rolled up their windows. Can you imagine that? Then one cop rolled down his window a little bit and said, 'When you get him out, call us.'

"Finally I got the guy's arm loose. It was an ordeal. I had to pry her and coax her and tell her she was a good girl. She was very bloodthirsty this dog, in any case. Finally, the cops got the guy and took him away. He was delighted to be arrested."

In the course of the last six years, Abady has spent almost $250,000 on his kennel and now makes a good living from dogs. "Most of the money is from the peripheral activities that concern dogs," he says. "Training, of course, is very lucrative, and word of good training spreads fast. Up to now we have trained only bouviers, but we are expanding to take in any dogs. Boarding is very important. We have a lot of consultations on nutritional problems, and

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TOUCH ME NOT *continued*

we have a mail-order business selling nutritional supplements."

To a growing number of dog fanciers, Abady is a recognized expert on condition and nutrition. Not long ago he visited an acquaintance who was very proud of his Labrador retriever. Abady looked at the dog, felt the stomach, checked the coat and peered down the throat as the owner beamed. "Your dog is not well," Abady said. "He has tonsilitis, the gums look pale, the coat is terrible and he lacks vigor. Have your vet check for worms." The veterinarian reported that the dog had the start of an infestation of hookworms.

"You hear this country has the best nourished people and everyone is healthy," says Abady. "Then you see people who are nervous wrecks, they tire easily, they're not healthy. It's the same thing with dogs. Dogs are not always in top shape. For the most part they are in awful shape. They are eating rations that are inadequate. Dog owners and veterinarians are brainwashed by big companies. The rations are helpful in the sense that they are balanced, but over a long period of time I would say no dog can really do well on them. Let's assume that a dog has worms. The intestine is upset, and the dog can't synthesize vitamin C normally. So he starts to develop certain serious symptoms that are not picked up by a vet because he is not nutritionally oriented. The B complex is interfered with. This becomes chronic, and you start to see the results: wear on the inside of the gum, pigment is lacking, the dog lacks luster, he starts to have bad breath, which is mostly caused by niacin deficiency.

"Because the dog has bad breath, the modern notion is to give him chlorophyll. No one bothers to think that maybe the dog has some trouble with his intestinal tract. Then the dog becomes susceptible to certain diseases and infections. This is automatic. Say the dog picks up a mixed bacterial infection. Essentially dogs are very hardy, and they generally have much better defenses than people do. But unless the dog has enough proper nutrition in his rations, the infection is going to take hold and attack various organs. Say he gets tonsilitis.

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TOUCH ME NOT *continued*

You go to the vet, and he says, 'O.K., your dog has tonsilitis.' He may not realize it's an ascending infection coming up from the intestines. So he treats the dog for tonsilitis, the symptoms disappear temporarily and the dog is still in as lousy shape as before.

"Or maybe the vet will give him cortisone, the big panacea now. Cortisone is a very dangerous drug and most veterinarians don't know the side effects of it. I'm not saying one should not use cortisone—it's been a lifesaver—but you better know what you're doing. When you inject cortisone, you establish a tremendous imbalance between cortisone and deoxy cortisone, which is one of the hormones secreted along with cortisone by the body. Then you have big problems. The deoxy cortisone's function is to isolate bacteria and keep them encapsulated. When you give a lot of cortisone you reduce inflammation quickly and take away obvious symptoms, but what you are also doing is releasing all the bacteria that have been encapsulated, and then very often the dog is overwhelmed by the infection."

Abady has his own laboratory. "I was forced by circumstances to become my own vet," he says. "Our mortality of newborn puppies is maybe 2%. It was 60% when I didn't do the work and when I wasn't my own vet." There has been such a demand for Abady's nutritional supplements that he is planning to start a company to sell them in packaged form. The first half dozen kennel-tested supplements are specifically formulated to meet various needs or problems. There is a supplement to increase the stamina of hunting dogs, another for pups of large breeds ("to give them the chance to grow up to their genetic potential"), supplements for breeding dogs, a supplement for lactating bitches of all breeds and supplements for dogs under stress or in a diseased condition.

"We're not interested in making money for money's sake," Abady says. "We want to break new ground. We are always looking for things that will work better than anything has before."

Meanwhile, no one had better give him any trouble. Robert Abady's bark is no worse than his bite. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Milwaukee, the fastest gun in the West, shot down five more opponents on the way to a new NBA record for consecutive victories—19. The Bucks maimed Boston 111–99, Philadelphia 127–103, Los Angeles 112–97, Buffalo 116–113 and then hit for 63% from the field in the first quarter of a 108–95 win over Detroit in the record-breaker. The Atlanta Hawks moved 1½ games ahead in their playoff spot struggle with Cincinnati by winning three straight after being nipped by Detroit 106–105 in the week's opener. The Hawks belted Seattle 128–116, then broke a 102–102 tie with six straight points in the last three minutes to down San Francisco 109–105 and finish the week with a win over Los Angeles 105–104. In the East the Knicks lost to second-place Philadelphia 121–116 but clinched a playoff berth by beating Boston 112–104.

ABA Kentucky, 7½ games behind Virginia in the East Division, beat both Carolina and the Floridians twice: the Cougars 122–112 and 131–128, Florida 128–119 and 118–113. In the West, Indiana cut into Utah's lead by winning two of its three games. The Pacers dropped a 113–110 decision to Pittsburgh but conquered Memphis 122–98 and Utah 98–97. Pittsburgh's Stew Johnson broke the league single-game scoring record with 62 points to lead the Condors to a 142–129 win over the Floridians. The fifth-year pro from Murray State eclipsed the previous single-game high of 59 established last year by Spencer Haywood.

BOATING—RUNNING TIDE, owned by Jakob Isbrandtsen, was the overall and Class A winner of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference championship *(page 24)*.

BOWLING—DICK WEBER, using a borrowed ball after his had been stolen before the semifinal round, defeated his brother-in-law, Norm Meyers, 237–235 in the final game of the $60,000 Buckeye Open in Toledo. Meyers led most of the way, but Weber finished with four straight strikes to win.

BOXING—BOB FOSTER, beaten in his last bout by Joe Frazier, knocked out Hal (TNT) Carroll with right hands at 2:32 of the fourth round in Scranton, Pa. to defend his share of the world light-heavyweight championship. Foster won the title from Dick Tiger in 1968 but was stripped of it two months ago by the World Boxing Association when he failed to defend against Jimmy Duprec within six months. Foster is still considered the champ by all bodies but the WBA, which recognizes Vicente Rondon of Venezuela.

GOLF—J. C. SNEAD overtook Gardner Dickinson with a third-round 66 and finished with a three-under-par 69 for 275 to win the Doral-Eastern Open in Miami. Snead, a onetime baseball player who didn't take up golf until five years ago, scored his first professional win at Tucson a month ago.

HOCKEY—Even seven stitches in his forehead couldn't stop Phil Esposito. Boston's explosive center Esposito scored the Bruins' fourth goal to give them a 4–3 win over Toronto, increasing his scoring total to 117 points with his 52nd goal and 65th assist. Boston, as usual, continued cutting up everyone in the league. Minnesota 6–3, Pittsburgh 6–3 and California 7–0. The Rangers won six in a row before tying Detroit 2–2. Chicago got five of a possible six points and held an excitement-ending 22-point lead over St. Louis.

HORSE RACING—In the first of the season's $100,000 races for 3-year-olds, EXECUTIONER ($14.80) caught speed-horse Dynastic in the stretch to take the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah by a head *(page 22)*.

High-weighted 5-year-old MANTA ($8.20) led a field of 11 all the way to capture the Santa Margarita Handicap for fillies and mares at Santa Anita. Scoring her seventh victory in nine starts on the California track, Manta won by two lengths and covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:48⅘. Beja was second and favorite Last of the Line third.

SKIING—MARILYN COCHRAN of Richmond, Vt. dominated the French National Women's championship in La Plagne, winning the giant slalom and the special slalom and finishing fourth in the downhill. Her impressive performance gave her the combined championship.

The University of Denver won its 14th National Collegiate championship in 18 years at Terry Peak in Lead, S. Dak. Favored Denver's four-event total was 394.7 points, 21.6 more than second-place Colorado.

SWIMMING—DAVID EDGAR of Tennessee broke his American record of 20.4 in the 50-yard freestyle with a 20.2 clocking at the Southeastern Conference championships in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

MARK SPITZ of Indiana lowered the American record by one-tenth of a second in the 200-yard butterfly with a time of 1:49.50 as the Hoosiers won their 11th straight Big Ten title.

TENNIS—MARGARET COURT avenged an earlier loss to Evonne Goolagong by beating her 3–6, 7–6, 6–2 in the finals of the Centennial Open at Auckland, New Zealand. BOB CARMICHAEL won the men's title with two exciting tie-breakers for a 7–6, 7–6, 6–3 victory over Allan Stone.

TRACK & FIELD—PAT MATZDORF, a junior, equaled the American indoor high-jump record of 7' 3" on his second attempt to help Wisconsin capture its fifth consecutive Big Ten championship, in Madison.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED: By the NCAA, that its investigation of premature signings of pro contracts by college basketball players had not uncovered enough evidence to warrant action at this time. Walter Byers, executive director, said the organization had sworn affidavits from seven players, including Villanova's Howard Porter and Jim McDaniels of Western Kentucky.

COACHING CHANGES: GARY THOMPSON, basketball coach of Wichita State, was dropped when his three-year contract expired. Citing personal problems, DICK BESTWICK returned to Georgia Tech as assistant football coach after having accepted the head position at Marshall University a week earlier. EDWARD DOHERTY, a former Boston College quarterback, was named head football coach at Holy Cross. B.C.'s sturdiest rival, succeeding Bill Whitton, who stepped down a month ago. At Purdue, Basketball Coach GEORGE KING was given the job of athletic director, replacing the late Red Mackey. Former Boston Patriot Head Coach CLIVE RUSH was hired as offensive coach of the Washington Redskins. STAN HUNTSMAN, track coach at Ohio University, was appointed track coach at the University of Tennessee, replacing Chuck Rohe. University of Miami Basketball Coach RON GODFREY resigned after four years and after the Hurricanes' worst season ever (7-19).

PROPOSED: The purchase of Yankee Stadium by New York City for about $24 million from Rice University and the Knights of Columbus to forestall a move by the baseball Yankees and the football Giants to another city.

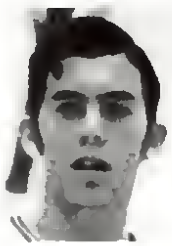
DIED: CHARLES W. ENGELHARD, 54, multimillionaire industrialist and racehorse owner, in Boca Grande, Fla. He had 14 U.S. stakes winners in the last 10 years, but his most famous champion was Nijinsky II, who won 11 straight races, including the English Triple Crown. Some other notable Engelhard horses: Alley Fighter, who won the 1968 Santa Anita Derby; Ribocco, the winner of the 1967 Irish Derby; and Ribero, who took the same race a year later. At his death Engelhard owned 300 horses.

DIED: MILLARD (Dixie) HOWELL, 58, whose passes to Don Hutson and his own runs led Alabama to a 22-point second quarter in a 29–13 upset of Stanford in the 1935 Rose Bowl, after a two-year illness, in Hollywood.

CREDITS

4—Robert Huebermann. 16—Tony Triolo. 22—Bill Kuenzel-Miami Herald. 24, 25—Richard Meek. 26–33—Fred Kaplan Black Star. 52—AP. 53–55—Curt Gunther. 56—AP, David Gahr-TIME, UPI. 58—Shel Hershorn Black Star. 62—Del Mulkey. 70—WI Blanche. 74, 82—Roy DeCarava. 93—Jeff Johnson-Miami Metro.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PAUL KUBINSKI, a 5' 11" guard on the Parkland High basketball team in El Paso, scored 72 points to dominate a 102–34 victory over Fabens High. Paul made 24 of 25 free throws. He scored in double figures in every game for the last two years.

BILL CLARK of San Jose, Calif., in a two-hour run at Foothill College in Los Altos Hills, established five American records: 15 miles (1:17:53.4), 25 kilometers (1:20:42.8), 30 kilometers (1:37:33.0), 20 miles (1:44:56.4) and two-hour run (22 miles, 1,254 yards).

CAROL THESIERES of Bala-Cynwyd, Pa., after seven unsuccessful tries, finally won the U.S. Women's Squash Racquets Singles championship, defeating Canadian champ Marigold Edwards of Pittsburgh in the finals 15–13, 15–8, 15–9 at Princeton, N.J.

RANDY FAIRES, a 134-pound wrestler at the University of Tennessee-Chattanooga who has never lost a varsity match, decisioned Mike Barrett of LSU 14–5 in the finals of the Southeastern Intercollegiate tournament for his 100th straight win in high school and college.

TORI HAINES, a 7th-grader in Anchorage, Alaska, outperformed 81 girls to win the state senior gymnastics championship. She accumulated 46.9 points out of a possible 80 to edge runner-up Roxy Knechi, who had 46.35. Tori's sister Becky won in the junior division.

JEFF REQUARTH of Oakwood High in Dayton had his finest hour as his team edged nearby Tipp City 73–71. He connected on all 14 of his field-goal attempts, including the winning basket in the last three seconds, scored 33 points and grabbed 21 rebounds.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ARMCHAIR EXERCISE

Sirs

President Nixon's comments on physical fitness and the spiritual benefits of "exercising" vicariously while seated in front of the TV set (SCORECARD, March 1) make one wonder if he is as familiar with what might be called the State of the American Body as he seems to be with the State of the World, the Union, etc.

As a physician, I have ample opportunity to sample the state of the American body and can report it, politely, as tending to corpulency, and, putting it frankly, often fat. Obesity is a recognized factor in increasing the risk of coronary artery disease. Measures recommended to reduce this risk include a regular program of physical exercise. Thus, "exercise for exercise's sake," which President Nixon disdains, is really exercise for health's sake.

Walking remains an excellent form of exercise as well as a way of getting to school or the local market. Bicycling provides a greater range of mobility. Snowshoeing and ski touring transform winter into the wonderland that Bing Crosby sings about. And the substitution of muscle power for gasoline power might be termed exercise for antipollution's sake.

And lest someone wishes to rest on the records and spirit of America's track champions, a recent study noted that some seven out of every 10 recruits (18 to 20 years old) for the Austrian Army could run 1.5 miles or more in 12 minutes while only about four of every 10 recruits (of the same age) for the U.S. Air Force could do so.

ROY D. CLARK JR.
Captain, USAF, MC

Mountain Home AFB, Idaho

ARMCHAIR ATHLETE

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle's article on Dr. Delano Meriwether (*Champion of the Armchair Athletes*, Feb. 22) was an honest description of an athlete who enjoys competing merely for the fun of it. In a time of overspecialization, highly complex individual training programs and $100,000 contracts, it is refreshing to see an athlete rise to world-class status strictly on his own. Dr. Meriwether's splendid mixture of success with fun underlines the purpose of sport itself.

1LT. DAVID FALTSCH

Ames, Iowa

ACTIVE RETIREMENT

Sirs

Jerry Kirshenbaum's recent article on our sports-oriented Florida retirement community (*Working at a Life of Leisure*, Feb. 1) was just tremendous. He caught the very spirit of Port Charlotte. In the four years my husband and I have spent here as escapees from the frozen North, we have shed all regimentation, and we are 10 years younger! We never dreamed we could be so happy.

DOROTHY FELL

Port Charlotte, Fla.

Sirs

I enjoyed Jerry Kirschenbaum's article very much. But it does serve to impress forcibly upon me the difference between the life of the retirees in Port Charlotte and the life of retirees in Sun Valley, of which I am one.

Our retirees ski vigorously and hunt and fish the mountain areas. We think that our energetic life gives us a greater claim to the Fountain of Youth than the Florida variety.

J. C. HAMMOND

Sun Valley, Idaho

MAKING HAY IN KANSAS

Sirs

In *Far Out in Middle America* (March 1), Curry Kirkpatrick mentions that the Kansas Jayhawks have compiled an "unimpressive" undefeated record in the Big Eight. We think that's pretty darn good for a team grown out of "big, slow, ploddy people . . rescued from hay wagons and coaxed out of silos." As for the contention that there are three Missouri Valley teams that could beat us, well, please excuse us, we've got to go finish the plowing so's we can catch the stage headed for Houston.

BILL NILES
JEFF NELSON
FRED HUMPERT
DICK GIBBS

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

Curry Kirkpatrick stated that being undefeated in the Big Eight Conference is no honor. SI said the same thing about Big Eight football, and Nebraska ended up with the No. 1 team.

VINCE CLARK

Colfax, Wis.

TENNESSEE SPLASH

Sirs

Three rousing cheers for Coach Ray Bussard of the recharged University of Tennessee swimming team (*Fastest Man Afloat*, March 1). It's small wonder, indeed, that Dave Edgar and his teammates have made a big splash. By his unique promotive innovations, Bussard has done away with the heretofore hum-drum activity of swimming meets. With the introduction of the Timettes with those two strikingly pulchritudinous bikini-clad gals shown holding Old Glory and canoeing down the pool, with the coed managers who tend with loving care the whims of the swimmers, and with music to swim by—well, who wouldn't be inspired to ultimate victory at UT?

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Allow me to commend you on William F. Reed's article. You have exposed Coach Bussard as one who typifies the contemporary collegiate attitude toward—and misconception of—sport. He not only has a Tennessee swimmer "pour a bottle of water from his home pool into enemy waters," he also "personally inspects the swimmers' dormitory rooms," though most of the police work is left to the Orange Knights. Coach Bussard does not permit dissent from his tactics and rules ("There's no room on our team for the radical or the leftist"). Is the athlete's freedom and opinion suppressed?

Mr. Bussard could also be accused of chauvinism. Being patriotic is one thing, but using coeds to carry the American flag because "it kind of makes the visiting teams lose some of their concentration," is deplorable. I think what has happened is that Bussard has lost his concentration on the pleasure of sport—the engagement of one's self in physical activity as a source of recreation, not war!

Ironically, Dave Edgar, the "fastest man afloat," doesn't care much about Coach Bussard's rules and regulations. Keep winning and enjoying sport, Dave.

GREGORY J. TARONE

Washington

Sirs:

Your article was great. A few more about Big Orange Country, which has one of the top all-round sports programs in the nation, and you just might make up for your total neglect of the fabulous 1970 Tennessee football team. (I'll bet if Notre Dame had played in the Sugar Bowl it would have gotten more than two lines of coverage.)

DAN DILTON

Knoxville, Tenn.

A LOOK AT THE PAST

Sirs

The Boxer and the Slugger (March 1) is one of the most fascinating contributions to boxing I have ever seen. The descriptive writing of Martin Kane and the lifelike drawings of Robert Handville graphically depict some of history's most interesting fights. But the one that most interests me is the sketch of the Willard-Johnson fight, which has been controversial for years. Now that

continued

There are some things a woman can't ask a man

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the film of the fight has been analyzed, permitting the artist to recapture the standout scenes, it is like hitting pay dirt.

Few people, even the experts, ever described Willard thoroughly enough, and I am making no attempt to do it here. But I remember that he stopped off in Oklahoma City after having completed a job as a laborer on a new railroad in the state, before he took up boxing at the age of 28. His hard work in Oklahoma's hot, dry weather may have helped prepare him for his later meeting with Johnson in that 110° heat in Havana.

A month or so after he met Johnson, Willard again came through Oklahoma City. A crowd quickly gathered around him, and it was my luck to be there and hear every word of his description of the fight. He said, "It was tough all the way. For two weeks after the fight I wore a flaxseed poultice around my chest and midsection. Johnson's gloves seared me like a rope burns a horse. But I continued to feel strong all through the fight, and I was determined."

EARL B. COYLE

Washington

Sirs:

I would like to thank Robert Handville and Martin Kane. The pictures were fantastic, and the author's way of telling the story made me feel as if I were sitting in an arena watching each and every one of those fights. I really enjoyed it.

MICHAEL KERN

Reading, Pa.

HERE'S BERNIE

Sirs:

Tex Maule's Feb. 15 article *Tomorrow's Generals* concluded with a rhetorical question concerning the whereabouts of several first draft choices who flopped. I do not know anything about Richie Lucas, Bob Garrett or Don Allard, but what kind of a flop goes on to quarterback one of the great Canadian Football League dynasties, overshadows such superlative quarterbacks as Winnipeg's Kenny Ploen, Ottawa's Russ Jackson and Vancouver's Joe Kapp, and becomes a CFL living legend on a par with Jackie Parker?

Bernie Faloney of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats did these things, and he accomplished them during a time when the CFL could reasonably be rated above the American Football League and, except near the end of Faloney's career, almost on a par with the celebrated National Football League that branded him a flop.

KEITH GROVES

Calgary, Alberta

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

A Daring Flight from London to Manchester

Claude Grahame-White failed to win the £10,000 prize offerad by Lord Northcliffe, but the race he lost to a Frenchman taught the world a whole lot about "aeroplane aviation" **by DAVID LAMPE**

In Paris on Nov. 12, 1906 a Brazilian gentleman named Alberto Santos-Dumont took off in a huge box kite mounted on bicycle wheels, flew 15 feet into the air and then traversed the stupendous distance of 722 feet. "England is no longer an island," intoned Lord Northcliffe, owner of the mass-circulation London *Daily Mail*.

Several days later the *Mail* announced that it would further "aeroplane aviation" by paying £10,000 to the first man to drive a flying machine from within five miles of the paper's London office to within five miles of its Manchester bureau, 183 miles away, in less than 24 hours, stopping no more than twice for fuel.

Three years later Louis Blériot made his now famous flight across the English Channel, and Northcliffe gave him a special award of £1,000, but the press baron's earlier offer was not taken up until April of 1910, when Motorist Claude Grahame-White declared in a letter to the Royal Aero Club in London his intention to fly his Farman biplane to Manchester that month.

Northcliffe was delighted. His award to Louis Blériot had netted large circulation dividends. The possibility of a British pilot winning a much greater prize for a much greater feat could only do proportionately greater things for the *Mail*. His lordship may also have felt that his money would stay in the bank, for 31-year-old Claude Grahame-White was no veteran aviator

Only a year earlier Claude had gone to France to train in the Blériot workshops. One day he had roped a flying machine to a tree, started its engine, climbed aboard and signaled to a friend to cut him loose, thus making his maiden flight.

Properly licensed, Claude first bought a biplane from Henri Farman to open his own flying school in France, then decided to return home to build the first all-British flying machine. To show the skeptical Farman that he was capable of a long-distance flight, Claude took his own mother up in his biplane and remained aloft for more than an hour. Farman was very impressed.

Fleet Street liked Claude Grahame-White's charm and nerve, and the fact that he was British. The newspapers praised his plan to have 100 yards of main-line railroad ties whitewashed at each place along the route where tracks branched off, to point him to Manchester. They reported approvingly that fast cars would accompany him, that cars would also be stationed at his undisclosed stopping places, carrying not only mechanics and flying-machine fuel and oil but propellers, wires, stays, landing skids and other replacements for the parts he would almost certainly smash each time he landed.

"I shall not start," he told reporters, "unless the weather is favorable. . . .

"Wind? Well, it must not be high or gusty. A quiet breeze I do not mind, particularly should it be from the southeast.

"Would a rainstorm bring me back to earth? No. But if rain began to fall persistently, it might get in my eyes and prevent my seeing my way."

Claude would have to set out very soon. A man the newspapers called "the Russian flying genius Efimoff" intended to try for the prize, and the thrill-seeking aperitif manufacturer, Emile Dubonnet, said he would fly his Tellier monoplane from London to Manchester. A second Frenchman, a 26-year-old one-time circus bareback rider and tightrope walker who had been breaking flying records in Europe and America for several years, Louis Paulhan, would soon reach England with a newer, faster Farman than Claude's.

At 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, April 23, 1910, wearing thick windproof woolen flying clothes he had designed for the day, Claude left his Kensington apartment. Ominously high winds had risen the night before, but London's early-morning air was now still.

Claude chain-smoked as his car rattled out toward Park Royal, the suburb where his flying machine waited, surrounded by autos, hansom cabs and 5,000 wildly cheering people. After kissing his mother and sister goodby and promising them not to fly too low, he buckled on his leather helmet, climbed onto the wooden chair on the front of his Farman's lower wing and fixed his route map to the footboard. At 5:18 a.m. he waved to Henri Farman to spin the propeller, and at 5:19 his mechanics let his machine lurch across the grass.

The Gnome engine roared evenly behind Claude's head as he worked the control levers, causing the ground to drop away. Then—panic Would he find his way across London in the dawn mist?

He glanced left and breathed again. The Gas Light and Coke Company's 160-foot gas storage tank at Kensal Rise stood above the mist. He worked the levers to turn his flying machine toward the tall, fat cylinder. The mist was breaking now, and he could see people pouring into the streets to look up and cheer. All he could hear was his engine's roar, but he waved.

Now he saw Harold Perrin, the Royal Aero Club's secretary, perched on the tank's rim, dipping a white flag three times, officially signaling him on his way to Manchester.

Newspapers were already printing extra editions as Claude, 300 feet above London, wheeled back toward Willesden Junction to pick up his first set of white railroad ties.

Over the suburban towns of Harrow and Pinner, and on toward Watford. The railroad tracks disappeared into a tunnel before King's Langley. Would he pick them up again when they surfaced? His Farman carried no navigating instruments, and the icy wind was making his eyes water.

Stationmasters telegraphed his progress up the line, and at each station por-

continued

ters waved from the roofs of coaches. Rigid with cold, Claude waved back. Even though he sped along at a brisk 45 miles an hour, his automobile escort was still with him.

Twice more the train tracks disappeared into tunnels, but both times he managed to find them again. Then, over Bletchley, where the whitewashed ties kept him from branching off toward Oxford, he tasted acid in his throat and felt giddy. Air sickness. He hiccuped, gasped chilly air and took a hand from a lever to wave yet again at the faces below. He felt better and sipped from his brandy flask.

Near Rugby he circled and found the bed sheets marking his landing field. He'd been in the air an hour and 56 minutes and was nearly 100 miles from Manchester. The autos from London had actually beaten him to the field.

At 8:15, warmed by food and hot coffee, his engine overhauled and its three brass fuel tanks topped up, he took off for Crewe, just 34 miles from downtown Manchester.

Brisk side winds began to lift his Farman. The winds stiffened, kiting him far off course; soon he would lose sight of the railroad tracks altogether. He was in the Leak Valley now, said to be England's windiest. Alone there. The autos had shot ahead, no doubt expecting him to catch up.

Below, a clear field. Better to land there than crash elsewhere. When the wind eased, he would take off again.

Altogether that day he had flown three hours and six minutes—a world record—and had less than 70 miles to go. The automobile escort took nearly an hour to find him—alone in the field, fighting wearily to keep the flying machine from blowing away.

His mechanics replaced a fractured landing skid and pronounced his machine fit for takeoff. But while they were having lunch it blew loose from its mooring. Now it would have to be shipped back to London to be rebuilt.

"I have been beaten in what one might call the first round with the wind," Claude wrote in the next morning's *Daily Mail*, "and now we will wait to see the result of my second bout with the enemy."

All night gas flares lighted Claude and his mechanics as they worked on the Farman in a cathedral-shaped "airship garage" at Wormwood Scrubs, London. Louis Paulhan, his face a vivid green from a particularly rough Channel crossing, had arrived in London, and Claude stopped work long enough to telegraph: STILL HOPE TO GET MY MACHINE REPAIRED AND READY FOR MAKING A SPORTING CONTEST WITH YOU.

By Wednesday, April 27, Claude's Farman had been reassembled. Its engine was checked, but the crowds and the turbulent winds prevented a flight test, so he sent most of his mechanics home, then went to a nearby hotel to sleep.

Shortly after 6 that evening frantic banging on his door awakened him. "Paulhan has started! He's well on the way, flying high!" An hour before, the Frenchman had sent word that he would take off at 5:10, but that message inexplicably hadn't arrived.

Paulhan was by now far northwest of London, at 600 feet racing the railway locomotive and caboose in which newspapermen and his mechanics sat amid cans of fuel and oil and flying machine parts. A special race edition of the *Mail* was already on the streets. The sun was setting.

Friends begged Claude not to fly till morning. "If Paulhan is ready to break his neck," he told them, "then I'm going to break mine, too!"

"Don't go!" a friend pleaded. "The wind is blowing too high!"

Claude was impatient to get away. "Don't worry me!" he snapped. "Leave me alone. I'm going. That's all there is to be said."

When his Farman faced into the wind, someone suggested a flight test. Calmer now, Claude refused: "I'm afraid there's no time for that now." At 6:29 p.m., as he rode into the sky on a gust of wind, a mechanic came running from the airship garage yelling and waving the board with the flight map tacked on it.

Paulhan, a full hour and two minutes ahead, cupped a cigarette in his left hand while working a control lever with the right, singing lustily. By 8:10 he had flown 117 miles. Drenched by a 20-minute blinding rainstorm, his hands numb because he had forgotten his gloves in London, he still felt fine. He dodged a brewery's tall chimney to glide down softly in the darkness, having just used his last gas. Someone then drove him to a hotel in Lichfield where Madame Paulhan waited.

The sky now quite black, Claude, also rain-soaked, landed at Roade, only 60 miles northwest of London.

Paulhan ate his first full meal in 24 hours, and at 10 o'clock, asking to be awakened at 3, went to sleep.

Claude Grahame-White did not go to bed. Instead he asked friends to line their cars alongside the field and switch on their headlights. His mother begged him not to fly into the moonless black. "It's all right, ma'am," a police sergeant checking the crowd tried to console her. "It'll be light before long. He won't come to any harm."

As the propeller was about to be spun, Mrs Grahame-White called out anxiously, "If you can't see, you will come down, won't you?"

Claude nodded. "Yes, darling, I will."

In the air at 2:45 a.m., he could recall no one in the entire history of aviation who had ever made a night flight. Then he looked around and wondered where he was. He worked the levers, racing the Farman higher, then began to circle. None of the lights below meant anything to him.

The engine suddenly died. He had no idea why. He didn't realize that his sleeve had caught on the ignition switch. The Farman dropped into a dive, and—as accidentally as before—he again tripped the ignition switch. The engine restarted. But where was he?

As promised, a friend had parked his car at a country pub, pointed it at a wall and switched on the headlights. Now Claude dived toward that glare. When he was within 100 feet of it, the car trundled out onto the road. He then flew close behind the headlights for a mile until he saw a freight train heading for Rugby. He heeled away and kept with the train till daybreak.

Paulhan was still comfortably ahead—but also comfortably asleep in his hotel bedroom in Lichfield.

Claude passed Nuneaton, only 20 minutes behind the Frenchman. Then Atherstone, 15 minutes behind.

Someone at last awakened Louis Paulhan. Pausing only to borrow a pair of light gloves, he hurried to his aircraft. From the driving seat he gestured for the engine to be started, but a young woman ran out of the crowd to stand just in front of him. "He's coming now!" she shouted. "Grahame-White is nearly here! Wait and race! That is the thing to do! Wait and race!"

Paulhan shrugged. He did not under-

stand English. The young woman stood her ground until someone told her that her own conduct was unsporting.

Airborne at last, Paulhan felt a following wind, forcing his speed up to 60 miles an hour. The Frenchman shot past his train, then missed a set of Grahame-White's markings on the railroad ties and had to double back as far as Crewe. No matter. He was still ahead of the Englishman.

Far ahead at Didsbury, just south of Manchester where both machines were to finish the race, crowds stared into the sky. No matter now which Farman won, a flying machine was actually going to arrive from London, having set out less than 12 hours earlier.

In the Trent Valley Claude felt the tail wind pushing him on. Then he felt his machine buck. It didn't respond properly to the levers. He looked back over his shoulder and saw that the previous night's rain had slackened the fabric on the elevators. The cloth now billowed like pillowcases on a wash line. Soon it would be ripped away. And so at 4:14 a.m. he landed in an open field where he waited alone, wrestling the near gale that was cruelly trying to snatch away his flying machine.

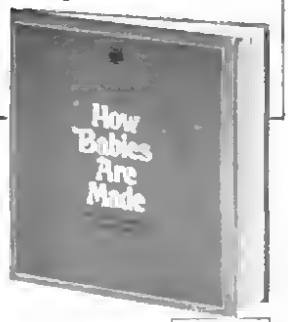
At quarter after 6 his mother arrived in a *Daily Mail* automobile. "Oh, Claude, you know how sorry I am!"

Understanding, he climbed onto the back seat of the car and shouted to the crowd, "Paulhan's got there! He's the greatest aviator the world has ever seen! I'm only a novice!"

Paulhan received the £10,000, and a public subscription made Claude's flight financially worthwhile, too. The race did much more. It demonstrated to the entire world that "aeroplane aviation" would now have to be taken seriously. As a direct result, the Germans switched much of their military flying from dirigibles to heavier-than-air machines, and within 7½ years were to hit London from bombers bigger than any they used in World War II. The British and the French started their own air forces, and so did the U.S.

Lord Northcliffe offered £10,000 for the first London-to-Paris flight, but aviation moved so swiftly after the Manchester race that this award went unclaimed. And so the frolic his lordship envisaged did not occur for more than half a century, and then in an entirely fictional movie, *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines.* **END**

Fills a real need.[1] *I would not want this book in the library.*[2] A very natural approach.[3] *Animalistic.*[4] Fine book.[5] *Shocking and appalling.*[6] Highly recommended.[7]



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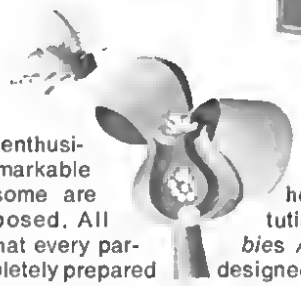

TIME LIFE BOOKS

Most people are enthusiastic about this remarkable book, although some are outspokenly opposed. All agree, however, that every parent has to be completely prepared to answer any and all questions that curious children — as young as three years old — ask about sexual reproduction.

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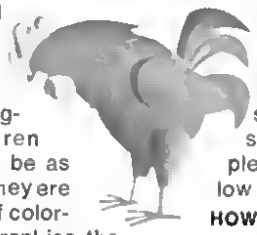

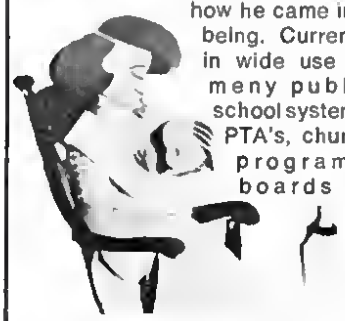

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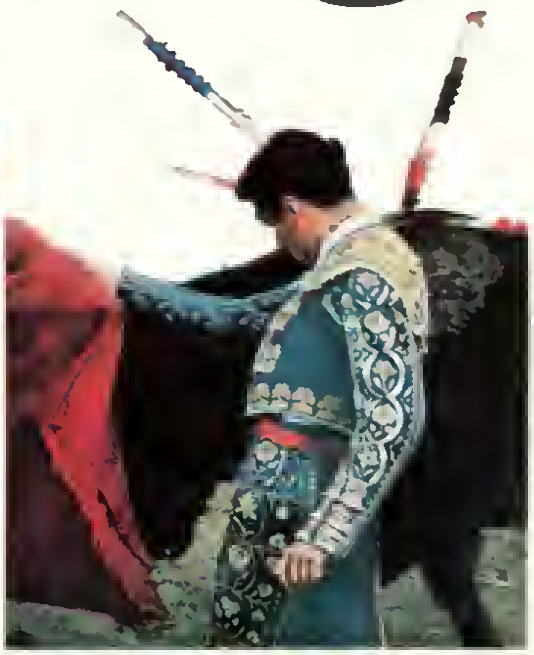

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